NEW YORK CLIPPER

Vol. V.—No. 37. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY . 1858. Four Cents.

"FISHERMAN."

"FISHERMAN" is a dark brown horse, standing over 16 hands. Has a plain head, wide ears, a very strong neck, with a great deal of muscle on the top of it. Good shoulder and depth of girt. Short body; not very good behind the saddle; high on the rump and drooping towards the tail, which is set on low, straignt quarters, light thighs, and his hind legs set right under him; powerful arms, short cannon-bone, long springy pasterns, very sound. He is a very peculiar-looking horse—short, on a high leg, walks with his fore legs wide apart, and not presenting the appearance of an animal likely to win the number of races he has done over all lengths of course. He has a white star in his forehead, and two white coronets. No less than twenty-two races have fallen to his lot this year, including the great French prize, where Saunterer (with Osborne riding some pounds over weight) ran him home. As a two-year old he tried six times without success. Rataplan won 38 out of 63 in two seasons, and Clothworker 30 out of 59, but his score is 45 out of 60. He has been a perfect farmer of Queen's Plates, and already sixteen have been paid over to his owner by the Lords Lieutenant of the counties he has honored with his presence. Mr. Parr declares that he has an immense dislike, whether training or running, to a sunny sky, and he does not go well next the rails, as he fancies from his long stride that he is getting shut in, and does not care to try with so much spirit. His forte may be said to be two miles, and, though he invariably looks ragged and peaky, a life on the rail seems to suit him, and many a race-lessee who knows he won the day, before 300 miles away, feels sure that an afternoon's sport is spoiled by "a certainty" when he is seen walking down from the station, with little George Hall at his head, and Wells and his portmanteau in a cab behind. Foreigners stare when they see him, as he quite upsets all their notions of the beauty of an English horse; and, in spite of his good qualities, and the rareness (owing to an old whim on the part of his owner) of the Heron blood, he is not so likely to be popular at the stud as others with better looks and a less brilliant bead-roll of victories.—*Illustrated London News.*

THE RACE HORSE.

BY STONEHENGE.

NO. 1.—BREEDING.

MANAGEMENT OF THE MARE.—In this place, in the usual order of things, it might be expected that I should allude to the selection of the brood-mare, and the best cross for her; but, for the sake of simplicity, it will be better to describe the general management of the breeding-stud, and the breaking and training of young stock; and finally, to consider the most desirable strains for breeding race horses after all the various elements of success on the turf have been thoroughly investigated, as well as the steeplechase, hurdle-race, &c. This is, to some extent, putting the cart before the horse, but as it will make this mysterious subject more intelligible, I prefer adopting the plan, to the apparently more simple one which I have rejected.

THE DURATION of pregnancy in the mare is 11 months, and, consequently, she should never be put to the horse earlier than the end of the first week in February; indeed there is great hazard in sending her before the middle or end of the month, as so many mares drop their foals a fortnight earlier than the full time. Should this occur with a mare stinted on the 8th or 9th of February, the foal is droped in the last week of December, by which its age is increased one year, and it is ruined for all weight-for-age races, and in fact for all purposes. The mare should be allowed to be at large in the fields during the daytime, as exercise is of the greatest consequence to her health; and she should be carefully kept from the sight of any object which can terrify or distress her, such as pig-killing, or the sight or smell of blood in any way. Sometimes an epidemic causes a series of miscarriages or premature slippings of the foals, and almost every mare on the farm is affected in the same way, and there seems to be no mode of preventing this untoward result. When the mare is near her time, she shows her state by the filling of the udder, and by the falling in of the muscles on each side of the croup, which the furriers call the "sinking of the bones." When these signs appear the mare should be constantly watched, in order that assistance may be given her if there is any difficulty in the presentation. The usual mode for the foal to come into the world is with both fore-legs first, and if after they appear the nose shortly shows itself, all may be considered as straightforward, and no fears need be entertained. Sometimes with a large foal and a comparatively small pelvis, a little assistance may carefully be given by gently drawing upon the legs after the head is well down; but these cases are unusual, and with this natural presentation it is seldom required. If, however, there is any other kind of birth, and the head presents without the legs, or the hind-legs first, or if the head is doubled back upon the body, assistance must generally be obtained, unless the man in attendance is more than ordinarily skilful. Turning is generally the expedient which is had recourse to by the regular practitioner, but it requires great care and skill to accomplish the operation without danger to the foal. As soon as this is born the mare should be allowed to clean it, and the secundines are removed by the attendant; after which the mare should have a little warm gruel, and, if very much exhausted, about a pint of strong ale (more or less according to circumstances) may be given with it. It often happens with the first foal that the mare will not take to it, and not only refuses to clean it, but actually denies it the proper nourishment from her teats. When this is the case the man should milk the mare and soothe her, and, after her udder is somewhat empty, and she is relieved, she will generally allow the foal to suck They should never be left alone till this has taken place, as it is dangerous to do so for fear of the mare doing a fatal injury to her offspring. Before the coat of the foal is dry, the mane should be combed all on one side, by which precaution that rugged unsightly look is avoided which it has if part hangs on one side and part on the other. For the first twenty-four hours, nothing besides warm gruel and a very little hay should be given to the mare; but when the secretion of milk is fully established, she requires corn, bran-mashes with malt, carrots, Swedes, Lucerne, or green food in some shape, according to the season of the year.

THE BEST TIME FOR THE ADMITTANCE of the horse is the tenth day after foaling, leaving nine clear days between the two acts. I am assured by a breeder of great experience, that this is better than the ordinary mode of putting her to the horse on the ninth day. It often happens, however, that this would be too early, as where the foaling has taken place early in January, when if the mare were put to the horse she could next time foal in December, a consummation to be carefully avoided. For this reason the visit is postponed; and this is one cause of the constant occurrence of barrenness in the thorough-bred mare, of which about one-third every year are sterile and profitless to their owners. Another cause is the over-use of corn, which keeps them in an unnatural state of excitement, and prevents that coolness of the system which is required for the highest state of perfection in the generative organs. It often happens that a mare will not stand to the horse while at hard work, not because she is injured by her duties, but because she is over-corned; and this condition can only be overcome by a long run at grass, which cools the blood, and allows of all the functions being performed without inflammation, which is the great antidote to successful impregnation. It is usual after putting the mare to the horse to take her to him every nine days, until she refuses him, when she is considered "stinted;" but many mares will go on taking him long after they are successfully impregnated; and this, therefore, though a good rule, is not by any means an invariable one. If the mare is at all confined in her bowels, which is seldom the case, on account of her diet, she should have a dose of castor oil. The ordinary aloetic ball is not well adapted for the mare while suckling.

MANAGEMENT OF THE FOAL.—Handling the foal should be commenced as soon as he is born, because it is at that time that he is most easily rendered tractable, and regardless of the presence of his attendant, who should make a practice of rubbing his head, picking his feet, &c., long before he actually wants to do anything with those parts. But if these acts are postponed till they are really wanted to be done, the colt is wild and unmanageable, and neither physic nor anything else can be administered without a degree of violence very dangerous to its welfare. The foal is very liable to diarrhœa, and it should at once be checked by a dose of rice-water, with one or two drachms of laudanum, which will almost always stop it if repeated after every loose motion. The sun should in all cases be admitted to the box, whether in winter or summer, and without it no young animal will long be in health. If the weather is very severe, with wet as well as cold, the upper half only of the door should be opened while the sun is out; but if the weather is dry, the mare and foal may be allowed to run in the yard; or if not very cold or frosty, into the paddock for a short time. By the end of the month the foal will begin to eat kibbled-oats, which may be given in its own low manger, and with the mare tied up to hers. As many of them as the foal will eat will do good; and it never happens, that I have heard, that a young foal will eat more than enough of this food, which is the main-stay of the young racer. Much of the success of this kind of stock depends upon their early forcing by means of corn; as far as he is concerned, the mare as well as himself can hardly have too much, consistently with a continuance of health; but, for the reason given in the above paragraph, caution must be used in forcing the mare until she is decidedly stinted. When the mare is tied up the halter should not be longer than necessary, nor should it be fastened to a low ring, as it has often happened that the foal has become entangled in it when low, and has been ruined by its own struggles, or those of its mother. At six months old the foal is usually weaned, previously to which he should wear a light and well-fitting head-collar, by which he may be led about with a length of webbing attached to it by a buckle. This is more easily done before weaning than after, as the mare may always be made an inducement to the foal, and it will therefore be coaxed and half led by a little manœuvring, whereas if entirely alone, the foal will struggle in order to escape, and will not so easily be controlled. Two quarterns of kibbled oats may be now given to the foal during the day, which, with the grass of summer, will keep him in high flesh, and by this time he ought to have grown into a very good sized animal. By this treatment the foals are made strong and hardy against the advent of the winter season, during which time their progress is not nearly so fast as in summer; and, in spite of every precaution, there are constantly drawbacks in the shape of colds, dysentery, &c. Feeding in this mode is the great secret in rearing racing stock; and though cow's milk, steamed turnips, &c., will make the yearling look fat and fleshy, you will never see that appearance of high breeding and condition which is given by corn, nor when put into training do they pass through that ordeal in the way which corn-fed colts and fillies may be expected to do. At this age, when fed in this way, foals are as mischievous as monkeys, and great care should be taken that they have nothing in their way which can possibly injure them. Brooms, shovels, pikes, and buck-

ets must all be kept away from their reach, and all gates and fences must be carefully put in order. Indeed, with every precaution, they will strain themselves in their play; but if all these points are not attended to, the consequence is almost sure to be fatal to life or limb. During the winter young racing stock should be carefully housed at night; and their corn may be increased to three quarterns a day as soon as the grass fails, with plenty of good sound old hay, and occasionally a few carefully sliced carrots or Swedes. During all this time they should be constantly handled and led about; and when removed from one pasture to another they should always be caught and led by the length of webbing. The absence of this precaution is fertile source of accidents, while its adoption is only an instance of that constant handling which must be attended to even were no removal necessary. These remarks will carry on the treatment of the yearling to the time when he is broken-in and put into training. At this time—that is, in the second summer, and as soon as there is plenty of grass, the yearling should begin to assume the appearance of the horse, with arms and thighs well developed, and with a fair allowance of fat, which, though not necessary for racing purposes, is always an indication of high health, and will make its appearance on the ribs of a stout and healthy colt in spite of all the exercise in the shape of frolics and gallops which his high spirits induce him to take. During the early spring months this cannot always be expected, from the nature of the food; but after May the flesh ought always to be rather full and round than wiry and free from fat, which latter condition indicates a delicacy of constitution unfavorable to the purposes of the racehorse.

Physicing the yearling or foal is sometimes necessary, when he is getting off his feet, or is bound in his bowels, or his eyes becoming inflamed, or otherwise indicating that he is over-corned. This is a very common state of things, and the remedy is a dose of the common aloetic ball, for which see the "Diseases of the Horse," for the dose and mode of administration. About one quarter of an ordinary ball is the smallest dose likely to be beneficial to the young foal.

Our next article will be on "Breaking."

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1858.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. B., Clinton, Iowa.—"Will you please decide the following bet: One party bets another that the trotting mare Lady Kate trotted a mile on the ice, at Chicago, last winter, now nearly a year ago, in the extraordinary time of 2:22, (two minutes and twenty-two seconds). The other party bets that she did not. The decision has been left to you, and it will be a favor conferred upon many admirers of the CLIPPER, if you will settle the dispute." A statement was published in some of the western papers to the effect that Lady Kate had trotted a mile on the ice in 2:22, but, even admitting the time to have been correctly kept, (of which there is some doubt,) we have no reliable evidence that the distance was accurately measured, or that the reputed mile contained 1760 yards. A somewhat similar performance was claimed for a horse in this State a year or two since, but those qualified to judge of such matters ignored the whole story, which had been gotten up, it was subsequently stated, for the purpose of enhancing the value of the animal. Although we cannot positively state that Lady Kate did *not* accomplish the feat claimed for her, yet we have not the least hesitation in expressing our disbelief in the story. Flora Temple's 2:24¼ is generally acknowledged to be the best time on record, for it was made on a track known by actual measurement to be a trifle more than a mile, and the race was timed by gentlemen familiar with timing horses. We can but say, therefore, in answer to our correspondent, that there is no authentic record of Lady Kate having trotted *one mile*, or 1760 yards, in two minutes and twenty-two seconds.

JOHN S. HAYES, Newmarket.—Your surmise was correct, that we had forgotten you; however, we will now make good our promise. In the first place, rule your paper into four compartments, the first column is for the names of the batsmen; the second, for runs as made (that is, if two runs are made off a hit, score two, three, four, &c., in the same manner, not in units); in the third, state how the man is out; the fourth, for the total of runs, after he is out. Immediately below the names of your batsmen, have separate lines, for each of the following: wides, byes, and no balls. At the conclusion of the innings, carry out the totals to the fourth column, add up, and you have the totals of the innings. The following line will serve as an example: Smith....4123 | c Jones b Brown | 10....c being for caught, b for bowled. The bowling is also kept, but we can hardly make it explicit here; we would recommend your remitting us $1.50 for a score book, for your club, when we will score an innings on the fly sheet for your edification. There is no book such as you describe, you will find the CLIPPER as serviceable to you as any.

EDWARD CAUNT, Philadelphia.—"I came to the United States in Nov., 1853. In Oct., 1854, I was recalled on urgent business. In Sept., 1856, I returned to this country. I was 17 years of age on my first arrival, and 20 years on my second arrival. I never declared my intentions. Can I get my papers now on producing evidence as to my residence here while under age?" If you can prove by a respectable person that it was your intention to remain in the United States when you first arrived here, we should decide that you are entitled to citizenship. The return of a party to his native country on business, it being his intention to become a citizen so soon as the law would enable him to do so, has been held by the New York Court of Common Pleas, as not depriving him of the right as if he were here continuously.

J. B., Bridgeport, Conn.—"I bet a friend that during the fall of 1853, or shortly after the fight between Morrissey and Sullivan, a challenge appeared in the CLIPPER, to fight any man in England for $10,000, or $5,000 a side, and was sent to be published in *Bell's Life*, but, from some cause or other, was withdrawn. Will you state if I am correct, and give particulars?" The challenge did not appear in the CLIPPER, but it was stated in our columns that such a challenge had been forwarded to *Bell's Life* for publication. In consequence, however, of the arrest of certain parties connected with the Sullivan and Morrissey fight, and the outcry raised against prize fighting by the press at that time, the request to publish the challenge in *Bell's Life*, was countermanded, and that was the last of the matter.

GEO. W. BARTLETT, Philadelphia.—*Euchre*.—"1. Five of us were playing a game of 'Skin Euchre,' and we commenced with the dealer having the lead—after three got out, one of the two who were left playing, said it was not the dealer's lead, but as the game was commenced that way the others contended that it was correct—a wager was the result, which you will please decide. 2. Does not the one that orders up the trump lead in 'Skin Euchre?' 3. The same party were playing, and calling upon an ace to assist—the ace not being out, does the king answer the same?" 1. Having played the game thus far, it is but proper that it should be allowed to proceed in the same way. 2 In this game, the player that orders up the trump, leads. 3. No.

PRIOR, Cheltenham.—Giving either the play, B's hand will win, as may be seen by the following:—B plays first, and leads 6-4, on which A plays 4-4, and wins; A leads 5-4, B plays 4-1, A wins; A leads 2-2, B plays 4-2, B wins; B leads 4 3, A plays 4-0, B wins; B leads 6-6, A plays 1-1, B wins. Making three tricks for B. A plays first, and leads 4-4, B plays 4-1, A wins; A leads 5-4, B plays 6-4, B wins; B leads 4-3, A plays 4 0, B wins; B leads 6-6, A plays 1-1, B wins; B leads 4-2, A plays 2 2, B wins. Making four tricks for B Again, A plays first, and leads 1-1, B plays 4 1, B wins; B leads 6-6, A plays 4-0, A wins; A leads 4-4, B plays 4-2, A wins; A leads 2 2, B plays 4-3, B wins; B leads 6-4, A plays 5-4, B wins. Making three tricks for B.

THE LOSER, Philadelphia.—"Two gentlemen made a bet about the authorship of a certain book, and agreed to leave the decision to a mutual friend. The friend makes a *wrong* decision. Are the betting parties obliged to abide by it?" As the agreement was to abide by the decision of the friend, we cannot well see how the matter can be altered, when once a decision is rendered. We presume, however, that the winner is too much of a gentlemen to take advantage of the (unwilful, we trust) mistake of the referee, and that he will agree to a draw, which, under the circumstances, we consider would be the proper course to adopt.

J. A. J., Washington City.—This correspondent writes as follows: "In the CLIPPER, No. 49, vol. 3, your correspondent White Hackle mentions a plan of hen house and nest, which he sent you with his letter of that date. If you would be kind enough to send me a copy of the same, or publish it in the CLIPPER, you will oblige me. I may as well mention that I wish to build a new hen house, and would like to have the benefit of White Hackle's experience." The drawing has been mislaid. If White Hackle will be kind enough to send us a duplicate, we will have the same engraved for the benefit of our readers.

TONTINE, Baltimore.—1. We have been unable to obtain the precise cost of each, but the New York Academy of Music is the most expensively constructed, and most showy; the Academy at Philedelphia, however, is better adapted for the convenience and comfort of the audience, a matter which seems to have been lost sight of, to a certain extent, in the construction of our Academy. 2. The dimensions of the St. Nicholas Hotel you may have observed in the CLIPPER a week or two since. Of the proposed new hotel in Philadelphia we know nothing.

J. EARL, Rochester.—1. As it is but recently that we published the fights alluded to, we do not intend to republish them. 2. West has not been executed—he is confined in the Moyamensing prison, at Philadelphia, and this reminds us of a letter we received from him some time since, which we intended to publish, but which has since escaped our notice. 3. Try the dumb-bells, rowing, and running. 4. Such a match is talked of.

FRONT, Freeport, Illinois.—"In a late western paper I saw it stated that LANCET had trotted a mile in 2:23, at Hartford, Conn. This has been disputed by our turf men. Please state whether such is the fact." In October last, in a match at Hartford, between Flora Temple and Lancet, the former to harness, the latter under saddle, Lancet made the third heat in 2:25, which is his best time. The track is half a mile circuit, and from this fact, it was claimed that an allowance of two seconds should be made, which would make the time 2:23, but of course no such allowance was made. The actual time was 2:25.

DUCK BILL, Chicago.—"Please decide this bet. A, B and C, are playing a game of Cut Throat, All Fours; the three play, and each has one to go. A deals, and B stands his hand and leads the deuce of trumps; C puts on the nine spot; and A puts on the king, which is high. C claims he is out before B, now which is right?" A wins with the king.

WAYNE, Philadelphia.—There must have been some wrong play during the game, or A would not have held more than "Old Maid" when B played his last card. However, to answer your question as submitted to us, we may state that A having matched B and played his last card, the game is at an end.

B. T. LEE, Milwaukie, Wis.—"Please state the best time ever known to have been made by Lady Suffolk, either public or private. I have made a bet on 2:25½." You are just half a second too fast, according to the record; her best time in public being 2:26. Of course we cannot say what she may have done in private.

J. W. DAYS, San Francisco.—Thanks for the favors. Should have liked very much to have had the number of runs made from your bowlers, &c., as we could have then made your averages more complete, like unto those of the New York clubs. Your enthusiasm in the game suits us exactly—keep the ball rolling.

JOHN DILLON, Toronto.—Jem Belcher's first fight with Joe Bourke occupied 25 minutes, in which time 16 rounds were fought—their second battle, which took place the following year, terminated in 14 rounds—the time is not given; Belcher won both battles.

CROFTER, Philadelphia.—"Who wins on the following bet:—J bet that 37 would not win in a throw at dice—B bet that it would. The result was a tie. Who is the winner?" If there were no higher throw than 37, B wins.

GRANVILLE MAYNARD, Boston.—Three miles in 15 minutes is certainly good running. We know of no better time than that recently made by Murch, said to be three miles in 14:30.

T. JEFFERS, Chicago.—It was intended to be a X, but this intention was frustrated by some of those present, who saw how the game was working, and turned the tables completely, thus "biting the biter."

CASEY.—If our information is correct, the "Benicia Boy" is a native of this State—he has never fought a regular prize fight, to our knowledge.

W. R., Pittsburgh.—We are unable to say whether the stallion Lightning will stand during the coming season. If this should meet the eye of his owner, he will doubtless reply, stating terms, &c.

E. S., Buffalo.—This correspondent wishes us to decide a dispute in Euchre, but he has forgotten to state what the dispute is, and for the life of us we cannot guess.

G. M. H., Boston.—Will appear four times. Our terms are six cents per line for each and every insertion.

READER OF THE CLIPPER, Washington City.—The "People's Journal" is no longer in existence.

HARRY MORSON, New Haven.—Sullivan never fought a prize battle with Country McCleester.

R. B. B., Boston.—Will be acceptable. Send with it, please, account of his doings, height, &c.

CHESNUT MILLS.—The gentleman's address, is Wm. Bowen, No. 1818 Spruce street, Philadelphia.

WHIP, Boston.—Will make an examination of the papers referred to, and report at an early day.

J. D., Cleveland.—There are none for sale here just now, that we would be willing to recommend.

S. R.—The greatest breadth of the island on which the city of New York is built, is said to be two miles and a half.

ACTIVE, Quebec.—"Please give the name of the winner of the "Two Thousand Guineas Stakes" in 1839." The Corsair.

HAPPY JACK, Salem.—The dealer is out, having turned up Jack, which he scores immediately.

OLD HUNKER.—Howlett and Saul were executed—Johnson was sent to Sing Sing for life.

C. A. T., Trowbridge.—All right. The hard times shall not deprive you of your reading, as far as the CLIPPER is concerned.

C. M. CAMPBELL, Portland.—We send no papers direct from the office—our wholesale agents attend to that part of the business.

W. H. J., Baltimore.—John C. Calhoun died on 31st of March, 1850.

B. F., Philadelphia.—Five cents is the fare on our city rail roads.

☞ Owing to the unusual demands upon our time this week, we have deferred answering a number of correspondents until our next issue.

RUNNING JUMP.—The Kentucky Military Institute, at Frankfort, Kentucky, is an establishment where the various kinds of healthful and manly sports form a feature in the instruction of the student. This department is under the efficient direction of Professor J. H. Hammersly, a gentleman well known in this section of the country, as well as upon the other side of the Atlantic. In a letter from a gentleman connected with the above institution, it is stated that one of the cadets, *Nathan Smith*, of *Alabama*, has repeatedly *cleared*, at a *running jump, twenty feet* on *level turf*; and from an elevation, viz: (one of the large folding doors of the gymnasium, about six feet above the level of the ground,) he has, (taking his run on the boarded floor, and springing from sill of doorway,) cleared twenty-one feet eight inches.

GYMNASTICS.—We are pleased to learn by the following letter from an esteemed correspondent that the gymnasium recently alluded to in the CLIPPER as having been destroyed by fire, was *not* the only one in Philadelphia. The spread of our doctrine of "exercise" is greater than we had taken credit for:

PHILADELPHIA, December 23d, 1857.

DEAR CLIPPER: In a paragraph in your paper of last week, you unwittingly do an establishment in this city an injustice. I refer to the remarks you make on Mr. Barrett's misfortune in the burning of his Gymnasium. You say that it was the only place of the kind in the city. This is a mistake. There is one at No. 811 Market street, very nearly opposite Barrett's, which is in every respect its equal, and in some, its superior. Mr. Robert Fair is the proprietor, and any one who visits his place will find him a tip-top fellow, and a perfect gentleman.

I make these remarks, knowing your unwillingness to do any person an injustice without giving him the benefit of a correction.

MEERSCHAUM.

STRIKING OUT.—A gentleman attached to Wheeler's Gymnasium, in California, is said to have recently accomplished the arduous feat of throwing out at arm's length, in quick successive motion, a pair of nine-pound dumb bells seventeen hundred times with each arm, without cessation.

ENGINE PLAYING IN SAN FRANCISCO.—The following is the report of Vigilant Engine Company No. 9's playing on Thankgiving Day, in San Francisco: 50 feet of hose—open butt—55 feet 6 inches; 100 feet of hose—1¼ inch nozzle—195 feet.

DEATH OF AN ENGLISH BOAT BUILDER.—Mr. Searle, the head of the firm of Searle & Son, London, of well-known-boat-building reputation, died a few weeks since, at the good old age of 85.

THE AMERICAN STABLE IN ENGLAND.—By the arrival of the Persia, we learn that Prioress, Babylon, and Belle, have left Houghton Down, near Stockbridge, and gone to Findon, in the care of their trainer, Mr. Brown.

JOHNNY WALKER AGAIN.—A match is on the tapis, in London, between Johnny Walker, and Bob Travers, the black, and a small sum has been staked for a match for $1000 a side.

DEATH OF A RACER.—The celebrated race mare Lucy Phillips, died a few days since in South Carolina. She was the property of James Talley, of Virginia.

HIRAM WOODRUFF.—We are gratified to be able to announce that this gentleman has recovered from his recent severe and dangerous illness.

SPORTING RETROSPECTIONS AND ANTICIPATIONS.

THE shades of the dying year, 1857, are fast closing upon us, as we pen this article, and we stand upon the threshold of its approaching successor. Before the coming year has dawned upon us, it may not be amiss to cast a retrospective glance at the past, and review those events that have occurred in 1857, which it is our peculiar province to chronicle; as well as to look forward to the future, and lay before our readers the prospects of sporting affairs for the ensuing year. In no previous year since the establishment of the CLIPPER as the advocate and recognised chronicle of the sporting world in America, have so many interesting and important events of this character occurred, and we shall briefly enumerate under their own distinctive heads, the most prominent that we have recorded.

THE TURF.—During the past year, public attention and interest in this country have been more concentrated and directed upon racing matters, than at any previous period in its history. This has originated almost solely from the circumstance of an American gentleman and popular patron of the Southern Turf having crossed the Atlantic with his stable of American race horses, for the purpose of competing with English thorough-breds for the supremacy of the turf, and testing their boasted superiority. Although in reality this was merely an enterprise of individual speculation on the part of Mr. Ten Broeck, the gentleman in question, yet the spirit and pluck which influenced the daring enterprise, were so characteristic of, and congenial to, the American character, that the success of the American horses in their first essay upon the turf in England, was viewed as a national affair, and the deepest interest was manifested in their career. The readers of the CLIPPER well know how deeply we shared in this interest, and the exertions we made to lay before them the earliest and most reliable intelligence respecting them, and the prudent course we volunteered as to betting upon them for their first race for the Goodwood Cup. We advised them to wait, before rashly "investing their pile" on our horses for that race, (in which they would have to encounter the flower of both English and French thorough breds,) to see the effect that change of climate, air, and a long sea voyage had upon the equine constitution; and we were proud to know, that our advice was the means of numbers of our readers being enabled to save their money on that memorable occasion. Though our horses were defeated, they were not disgraced, and we repeatedly asserted our conviction that Mr. Ten Broeck would ultimately be successful in his efforts, when his horses had become acclimated and in a condition to run. We maintained this opinion in the face of the repeated defeats our horses sustained, and our judgment was confirmed, and our prophecy realized in the splendid victory of Prioress in the Cæsarewitch Stakes at Newmarket. We fully anticipate the ensuing year being able to record more victories achieved in England by Mr. Ten Broeck's American representatives, and also being enabled to announce to our readers the conclusion of arrangements for English horses competing on American soil with American horses, and thus affording a fair opportunity of testing the comparative merits of the racers of the two countries. On our own turf, we have also recorded the splendid performances of Charleston, Nicholas I., Sue Washington, and a host of others, and have also exposed the doubtful transactions in which the owners of Flora Temple, Lancet, and others, of trotting notoriety, have been implicated. Our readers may rely upon our devoting the greatest attention, and affording them the best and earliest information on all legitimate matters pertaining to the Turf during the ensuing year.

THE RING.—The year 1857 has witnessed some of the most exciting pugilistic contests that have ever taken place in this country, with the single exception of the great Hyer and Sullivan fight. Among the most important that we have chronicled, and which were specially reported for the CLIPPER, we may mention the passage-at-arms between Bradley and Rankin, in Canada, on the 1st of August; between Lazarus and Horrigan, at the same place, on the 10th of June, and the second gallant encounter between those two on October 10th, and between Coburn and Gribbin on the 18th of Nov. in Canada. We have also given detailed reports of the fights between Johnny Roberts and Finegass, Young Barney Aaron and Bill Evans, and Young Aaron and Monaghan, Brown and McIntyre, and Dan Smith and Scotty of Brooklyn; in fact, every important fight and sparring exhibition that have occurred during the year have been faithfully and impartially recorded in the CLIPPER. We expect soon to be able to announce to our readers that arrangements have been concluded for the meeting in the roped arena of two well known men, which will surpass in deep interest and importance any which has taken place on this continent for several years past, but at the present time we cannot speak with any degree of confidence or certainty on the subject. We shall, however, give the earliest information when any definite arrangements have been made.

AQUATICS.—To this subject we have devoted a considerable portion of our space and attention, and have during the past year recorded in full the proceedings at the regattas at Newburgh, New Bedford, Rockaway, East River, Pelham Bridge, The Empire City Regatta, and various other events of interest that have transpired during the year. During the ensuing season we look for a great revival in this description of amusement, and will no doubt have occasion to record some of the most exciting matches and regattas ever witnessed in America.

CANINE SPORTS have been fully and impartially reported in the CLIPPER during the past year. The most important fights that have taken place have been those between Mr. Roome's br. dog Billy and Harlem Billy for $200, on the 20th January; and the former dog and Mr. Jenkinson's blue dog Tom for $600 more recently; Jack and Charley at Chicago on the 2d of February; Fred and Blucher at New Orleans on March 4th for $1000; Spot and Turk at Providence on April 11th for $200; Jack and Tiger at Cleveland, Ohio, for $200 on June 15th; Bullet and McLaughlin's dog, and Mr. Godley's two Fall River dogs against Mr. Platt's two Philadelphia dogs for $200 a side on the 23d and 24th April, in New York, and various other operations in the "canine ring."

COCK FIGHTING.—Among the most celebrated mains that we have recorded this year, are those between Marietta and Lancaster for $200 on January 8th; the Screw dock and opposition in Philadelphia on January 22d; between Long Island and New Jersey for $500 at New York on February 14th; between Pawtucket and Providence for $200 on 18th February; and Old Berks against Lancaster on March 9th. We hope this winter to be able to record some interesting mains, as arrangements are being made for a series of fights to come off in this city, Philadelphia, and other localities, which we shall announce to our readers as soon as completed.

THE TRIGGER has not been neglected by us, and through the kindness of many correspondents, especially "Pigeon Feather" and Woodruff, we have been kept posted in the various matches at Pigeon Shooting that have taken place in Old Berks and elsewhere. The shooting of Mr. Taylor of New Jersey has been of a most extraordinary character, as we find him, in a match against Mr. Nelson, on February 19th, killing 20 birds out of 21; and again on August 31, killing every bird in 25. We hoped to have been able this week to announce the completion of the proposed match between Mr. King and Taylor, but thus far they have not come to terms.

CRICKET AND BASE-BALL.—The matches that have taken place during the year, and of which we published full and detailed reports, have been so recently reviewed and analyzed in our paper that it is unnecessary to allude to them further.

QUOITING.—We should be glad to see this manly and athletic game become more popular among us, than it has been hitherto. We have recorded one most interesting match between the New York and Brooklyn Clubs that was played on July 15th, and won by the former players.

Having thus reviewed, in succession, the principal sporting events that it has fallen to our lot to record during the past year, we may be pardoned if we allude to the proud gratification we feel in the consciousness that to our exertions and labors are due, in a great measure, the flourishing condition of sporting matters in this country. We have unflinchingly advocated the introduction and practice of those manly amusements and sports which so conduce to the physical, and indirectly, the moral development of man; and as a natural consequence, have had to sustain the attacks and misrepresentations of those who regard such amusements with disapprobation, and who are ever desirous to discourage and check the healthy sports of the toiling masses. Of such persons we may truly say, that they

> "Compound for sins they are inclined to,
> By damning those they have no mind to;"

and we are convinced that a healthier and better code of morality prevails among those classes to whom we more particularly address ourselves, than among those who are so prompt in condemning them and their peculiar amusements. The readers of the CLIPPER may rely upon us ever being ready to maintain their interests; to encourage, by every means in our power, the taste for manly sports, and promote the prosperity of those who are professedly engaged in their dissemination and cultivation.

THE BIG SHIP.—The "Leviathan" seems lothe to "glide into the bosom of its native element," for the attempts to launch the monster have thus far been attended with many difficulties, and her progress is calculated by inches. We trust, however, that the next European advices will apprise us of the successful introduction of the "big ship" into its watery home. Some folks are inclined to poke fun at Mr. Brunel for building such a ship without making proper provision for its launching. This facitiousness is somewhat premature, for, though the vessel has a hard road to travel, and her ways are beset with many obstacles, yet that she will eventually be set afloat, we have not a doubt. This reminds us of a little "squib" which we intended to have told our readers before. During the recent boating sports in this vicinity, a couple of apprentices to a boat builder wishing to do a little business on "private account," commenced the building of what they stated would be a "bully boat." That the enterprise might be kept strictly private, the work was carried on in the cellar of the house where one of the boys resided, after the labors of the day were ended, and accounts with the boss duly squared. It is needless to say that as the work on the boat progressed, and "she" began to look "like a thing of life," almost, the boys exhibited a corresponding degree of pride, and looked forward with great glee to the day when she would take her place upon "the river," and "knock spots out of some of 'em." Well, after a season of hard work, attended with no little expense, our "two industrious apprentices" had the satisfaction of witnessing the completion of their "bully boat," and William B. Astor, with all his riches, could never have experienced more happiness than did these boys as they proudly surveyed the beautiful "lines," and many other excellent qualities of their handiwork. The next night was appointed for "launching her," and the aid of a "few of the fellers" was solicited; but judge of the surprise and vexation of "the builders" when it was discovered that the boat could not be got out of the cellar without knocking away half the house, and as that could not well be done, the poor boys were compelled to submit to the force of circumstances, and the "bully boat" still remains in the cellar, a "fixed fact" in marine architecture. Although dearly bought, the lesson will doubtless be of incalculable benefit to these boys in their future career through life, and they will hereafter, perhaps, bear in mind Davy Crocket's injunction: "Be sure you're right—then go ahead." We hope, however, that Mr. Brunel's enterprise may have a more satisfactory termination than that which attended the first "private speculation" of our "two industrious apprentices."

THE ADRIATIC AND PERSIA.—Heaps of money have been lost and won on the recent passages of the steamships Adriatic and Persia. The Adriatic made the run in eleven days and seventeen hours, or thereabouts, while the Persia was full twenty-four hours longer; consequently, the loose change invested on this ocean race has passed into the pockets of the backers of the Adriatic. Both vessels experienced very rough weather, which will account for the seemingly long passages made. The competition between these two splendid vessels promises to be quite lively. We shall keep on their track.

CHRONOLOGY

OF SPORTING ENVNTS IN 1857.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

JANUARY.

1. In a pigeon shooting match at St. Johns, Ill., 17 birds out of 20, in pairs, were killed by the winner.
1. Taylor, of Jersey City, killed 18 birds (crows) at 18 successive shots.
8. Desperate dog fight, Billy defeated and killed Lew, in 5h 26m.
8. In a main of 11 battles at cocking, Marietta defeated Lancaster, Pa.
14. The New defeated the Old Caledonian Curling Club, in a well-contested match.
14. Champion shooting. In a pigeon match at Cincinnati, Mr. R. Neff killed 34 straight birds, single shots.
19. Clipper Kathay completed her remarkable passage from Shanghai to New York in 92 days.
22. In a main of 11 battles, with an extra match, at cocking, the Screw Docks won decisively of all comers.
26. J. Roome's dog Billy defeated and killed Harlem Billy in 2h 15m.

FEBRUARY.

5. Dog Boney, of Toronto, defeated Tinker, of Buffalo, after a hard fight—both dogs died.
8. At San Francisco, horse Gen. Taylor beat Rattler in a 30 mile race, to sulkies; 1h 59m.
9. Great match at Chess. Two games, which had occupied the players a year, were both won by Philad'a vs. New York.
12. In a match of 5½ hours the Caledonian defeated the Thistle Curling Club, New York.
12. Splendid Rifle Shooting. Col. J. Kacy drove 18 centres out of 45 shots, 50 yards, off hand. Also with 3 shots, showing a string ½ of an inch, at Altoona, Pa.
24. Long Island decisively victorious, vs. New York, in a main of 9 battles at cocking.

MARCH.

4. Dog Fred defeated Blucher, at San Francisco, in a match for $1000, in presence of a vast concourse of spectators.
5. Taylor, of Jersey City, killed 23 out of 25 shots at single pigeons, 19 being consecutive.
9. A man came into St. John, N. B., 55 miles in 5 hours, against a head wind, on skates.
9. Great Rifle Shot. 120 rods, by O. Smith, Vermillion, Ohio, killing two wild geese and one duck.
27. Extraordinary luck. A Mr. H. L. Moss killed 4 full-grown at one shot.
30. Race of 100 miles. Mr. S. H. Taylor's horse winning of Mr. A. Dalton's, in 12 hours 22 min. Stakes, $2,500.
31. Opening of Spring races at the South, near Columbus, Ga.

APRIL.

4. Prof. Carl, won a match at feats of strength, at Troy, N. Y., in defence of his claim as the strongest man in America.
4. Opening of the Spring meetings of the Metaire course, N. Orleans.
4. Oxford University (Eng.) won the great annual eight-oared race on the Thames, with Cambridge.
6. Seville won a mile foot race of Lyddall (Eng) in 4m 36sec.
22. Opening of races on the Union Course, L. I.
23. Terrific dog fight, Crab, of Philad'a, beating Burke, of Fall River, Mass. Both died. 2h 45m.

MAY.

1. First Base Ball match of the season, on Boston Common.
4. Cricketer's Convention held in New York.
7. Opening day of the New York Cricket Club.
8. Opening day of the St. George Cricket Club.
11. Opening of the cricket season in Philadelphia.
14. Match Base Ball, Olympic winning of Bay State, Boston.
16. Grand six-oared boat contest; Volant, of Boston, beating Huron, of Harvard University.
25. 1st 11 N. Y. Cricket Club defeated 16 of Newark in a grand match at Hoboken.
27. The great Epsom Derby race (Eng.) won by Blink Bonny.
29. Blink Bonny achieved the double event of now winning the Oaks race, at Epsom.
30. 10 mile foot race; Wood, of East Cambridge, winning of Knight, of Boston; 1 hour 3½ min.

JUNE.

4. Grand Annual Regatta of the New York Yacht Club. Sloop Julia won the first class cup: Rowena 2d; and Luckey 3d, do.
9. Grand Cricket Match: 11 of New York City defeated 11 of the United States, in one innings and 28 runs.
11. Skirmisher, English racer, won the Ascot Cup.
11. 11 English defeated 18 American Cricket players, at Hoboken.
13. Opening Base Ball Match in New York; Eagle beating the Knickerbocker Club.
13. The boat Union won the annual Beacon Cup, in a regatta at Boston.
14. Extraordinary trap shooting, at Cincinnati, Ohio, by Messrs. Neff and Ferguson. Neff killed 56 out of 58 birds.
15. Boat Electric Spark won the first prize in the Annual Regatta of the Harlem Model Yacht Club.
19. Grand match at Cricket; fine battle between 1st 11 St. George, N. Y., and 1st 11 Philad'a; ended in a draw at Philad'a.
24. Regatta of Hoboken Model Yacht Club; Silence, 1st prize; Electric Spark, 2d; Bob Fish, 3d, do.
24. Second match between the Taylor and Dalton horses, 30 miles, won by Dalton.
25. Fine match at Base Ball; the Knickerbocker winning of the Empire Club.
29. Wassapoag Base Ball Club, of Sharon, beat the Olympic, of Boston, in a grand match on Boston Common.

JULY.

4. An interesting rowing regatta of several distinct races, at Portland, Me.
4. The first rowing regatta ever held in those parts, at Chicago, Ill.
4. Mr. Stockman, of Cincinnati, Ohio, killed 20 straight birds in a pigeon match.
6. Great Cricket Match; All England defeated Kent and Sussex.
9. A fire engine (not by steam) threw a stream 273 feet.
10. Champion Racing Belt of New England, won by Young Sport, of New York.
10. Gotham Base Ball Club, decisively conquered the Eagle, in a grand match at Hoboken.
13. Grand match at Cricket; 18 State of New York, defeated 11 of City of New York, at Albany.
22. First 11 St. George conquered first 11 New York Cricket Club, in their great annual match at Hoboken.
23. Halifax boat Wide Awake, won the Championship Rowing Cup of America.
27. England's greatest Cricket match of the year; All England defeated by United All England, at Lord's, London.
28. Great shooting feat; W. King, in a match, killed 42 out of 50 single birds, and 37 out of 50, in pairs.
29. First 11 St. George Cricket Club beaten by 11 of Newark, at Newark.
30. Great Goodwood Cup day (Eng.) American horses beaten; French horse Monarque winning the Cup.

AUGUST.

1. Jackson (2d) American Deer (so called) completed the feat of walking 100 hours, without rest or sleep.
5. Great Annual Champion four-oared race, on the Thames, (Eng.,) won by Newcastle.
15. William Brown, of San Francisco, made 722 caroms, 1444 points, in one run at Billiards, on a carom table.
21. Great Cricket match of America; Canada beating United States, at Toronto, Canada West.
31. Half mile handicap foot-race (Eng.) won by Smith, 1m 58sec.

SEPTEMBER.

3. Lynn Buck won the Champion Belt of New England, beating Young Sport a 5 mile foot-race, on Union Course, Long Island.
3. Brilliant victory; Atlantic defeated Gotham Base Ball Club in a grand match, at Bedford, Long Island.
3. Fire engine trial at Elmira, New York; first prize, Franklin No. 4, of Geneva.
4. Grand Fire engine trial (40 companies) at Worcester, Mass. First prize, Torrent No. 5, Manchester, N. H.
4. Horse Broker won a 10 mile trot of Lady Taunton, Hartford, Ct.
8. Grand Base Ball match at Hoboken; Eagle defeated Gotham Club.
8. James Adams, pedestrian, walked 4 miles in 30m 34sec.
10. Grand return Cricket match, New York vs St. George; ended in an unsatisfactory manner; still unsettled.
10. At Firemen's Muster, Keene, N. H., Deluge, of Claremont, won the first prize.
16. Gotham defeated Empire Base Ball Club, after a severe struggle, at Hoboken.
22. Regatta at New Orleans; won by yacht Coquette.
23. Interesting rowing regatta at Lowell, Mass.
24. First 11 N. York Cricket Club, defeated 16 of Albany, at Hoboken.
24. Grand Firemen's Trial, (39 companies,) at Hartford, Ct. First prize, Pacific No. 1, of Chickopee, Mass.
26. Great pistol shooting match between Travis and Paul; ended in a draw, and unsatisfactorily.
26. Interesting series of foot-races at Detroit, Mich.
28. Extrarodinary mile foot race, (Eng.,) Hoospool beating Seville 4 yards, in 4m 28sec.
29. Autumn Meeting at Fashion Race Course opened.
30. Grand return match of Base Ball; Empire winning of Eagle Club.

OCTOBER.

1. 2d and 3d class New York Club Yacht's Regatta: Una won the 2d, Island Fawn the 3d class prize.
6. 16 of Newark defeated first 11 of the New York Cricket Club, in a match at Newark.
13. Empire City Regatta Club, had an interesting days sport.
13. American mare Prioress won the great Cæsarewitch (Eng.) handicap race.
14. Grand rifle shooting festival at Lynnfield, Mass.; broken up by the accidental death of one of the contestants.
17. Lady Putnam, four-oared race boat, won the Championship colors of the lakes, at Chicago.
17. Grand Fire Engine Trial at Chicago; No. 7 decisively victorious.
27. Cambridgeshire Stakes, (Eng. races,) won by Odd Trick; our horses—nowhere.
28. Daw, of New York, beat Glenn, of Philad'a, in a nobly contested 5 mile rowing match, at Philad'a; 43m 6sec.
29. Well-fought rowing match between boats Experiment, of Williamsburgh, and R. H. Allaire, of Greenpoint; a draw; decision questioned.
30. Grand return match at Base Ball, Hoboken; Gotham beat Atlantic, after a splendid struggle.

NOVEMBER.

11. Close of the Grand National Chess Congress at New York; Paul Morphy, of New Orleans, 1st prize, and Champion of America; Louis Paulsen, of Dubuque, Iowa, 2d prize; first blindfold player of the world.
26. Mr. Ten Broeck returned home from his sporting tour in England.
26. Young Griffin, of Kerry, Ireland, won a 5 mile handicap foot race, at Boston.

DECEMBER.

2. Dog Billy defeated Tom; both died; Billy under suspicion of foul play.
2. Grindell (pedestrian) ran 5 miles, beating 3 horses trotting 10; by 1m 20sec, at St. Louis.
9. Grindell, in trying 5½ miles to the horses' 10, was beaten.
9. Kirk, of Boston, defeated Ainsworth, of New Britain, Ct., in a wrestling match.
19. Taylor, of Jersey City, beaten in a shooting match, by Erven, of Philadelphia, at Philadelphia.

AMERICAN FISTIANA.

OPERATIONS IN THE PRIZE RING DURING 1857.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Aaron, Young Barney, beat Bill Evans, 15 minutes, $500, on Metairie Course, New Orleans, Feb. 17.
—beat John Monaghan, 80 rounds, 3 hours 22 minutes, $200, at Providence, R. I., Sept. 28.
Bradley, Dominick, beat S. S. Rankin, 152 rounds, 2 hours 58 minutes, $2000, Canada, Aug. 1.
Brown, James, beat Frank McIntyre, (foul) 24 rounds, 26 minutes, $100, on Eagle Island, St. Louis, May 26.
Bassett, Alex., beat Bully Smith, 4 rounds, 1 hour 15 minutes, $50, Morrow county, Ohio, Feb. 12.
Baker, beaten by Fauver.
Blake, William, beaten by Thomas Jennings.
Coburn, Joe, beat Harry Gribbin, 21 rounds, 30 minutes, $1000, in Canada, Nov. 18.
Crocker, Abner, beaten by Robert Ligo.
Caywood, beaten by Dan Smith.
Davis, Enoch, beaten by James Laverty.
Evans, Bill, beaten by Young Barney Aaron.
Finnegass, Henry, beaten by Johnny Roberts.
Fargo, beat Lusk, 24 rounds, 38 minutes, $500, on O'Connell's Island, Iowa, April 1.
Fauver, beat Baker, 5 rounds, $50, at Philadelphia, Aug. 13.
Farrell, beat Dan Smith, (cross,) 11 rounds, 57 minutes, $650, at Johnstown, Pa., Dec. 12.
Gribbin, Harry, beaten by Joe Coburn.
Horrigan, Dennis, beaten by Harry Lazarus.
— Draw with Harry Lazarus, 128 rounds, 3 hours, 20 minutes, $1000, Canada, Oct. 10.
Jennings, Tom, beat William Blake, 9 rounds, $200, St. Louis, Oct. 20.
Keegan, Con, beat Scotty, (foul blow,) 104 rounds, 1 hour, 45 minutes, $1000, New Orleans, Oct. 25.
Lazarus, Harry, beat Dennis Horrigan, 97 rounds, 2 hours, 58 minutes, $600, Canada, June 10.
— Draw with Dennis Horrigan, 128 rounds, 3 hours, 20 minutes, $1000, Canada, Oct. 10.
Ligo, Robert, beat Abner Crocker, 10 rounds, 29 minutes, $100, Robbin Hollow, R. I., Oct. 29.
Laverty, James, beat Enoch Davis, 102 rounds, 1 hour 9 minutes, $100, on Eagle Island, St. Louis, May 26.
Lusk, beaten by Fargo.
Monaghan, John, beaten by Barney Aaron.
McIntyre, Frank, beaten by James Brown.
Rankin, S. S., beaten by Dominick Bradley.
Roberts, Johnny, beat Finnegass, 50 rounds, $200, in South Danvers, March 5.
Smith, Bully, beaten by Alex. Bassett.
Smith, Dan, beat Caywood, (foul blow,) 4 rounds, $100, Chester, Pa., Jan. 25.
— Beat Scotty, of Brooklyn, 49 rounds, (foul blow,) $100, in Philadelphia, May 8.
— Beaten by Farrell, (cross,) whom see.
Scotty, of Brooklyn, beaten by Dan Smith.
Scotty, beaten by Con Keegan.

BRITISH FISTIANA.

DOINGS IN THE P. R. OF GREAT BRITAIN IN 1857.

COMPILED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Andrews, Alex, bt Tom Tyler, 121 rounds, 2h 40 min, £50, in Kent, March 3.
Bell, bt White, 1h 20 min, £20, near Birmingham, April 22.
Brooks, James, draw with Dan Morris, 104 rounds, 2h 45 min, £100, Home Circuit, June 23.
Brettle, Bob, bt Job Cobley, 47 rounds, 1h 10 min, £200, at Shell Haven, August 4.
Botson, John, bt Robt Slack, 17 rounds, £10, near Reedham, Sept. 15.
Birmingham, Robt, btn by Alfred Newton.
Baldock, Joe, btn by Dooney Harris.
Bath, Jack, btn by Joe White.
Blackley, btn by Caggy Wilson.
Baker, George, btn by Jesse Hatton.
Butterfield, Joe, draw with Goe Hodsdon, 36 rounds, 1h 40 min, £10 at Greenford Green, July 27.
Beasly, George, btn by Bill Evans.
Brown, Topper, btn by Bos Tyler.
Black, Joe, draw with Newton, 8 min (wrangle) £50 in Derbyshire, Sept. 2.
Cooksey, bt Wingfield, 62 rounds, 1h 52 min, £5, near Birmingham, Jan. 5.
Colter bt Fieldhouse, 52 rounds, 1h 25 min, £10, near Birmingham, April 14.
Cobley, Job, bt George Crocket, 12 rounds, 52 min, £200, near London, April 22.
— btn by Bob Brettle, 47 rounds, 1h 10 min, £200, at Shell Haven, August 4.
Caunt, Ben, draw with Nat Langham, 51 rounds, 1h 29 min, £100, near London, Sept. 22.
Colter, J, bt John Connelley, 26 rounds, 30 min, £20, at Worcester Valley, Oct. 19.
Clamp, bt Wm Gibbes, 40 rounds, £20, Oct. 20.
Cleghorn, Bill, btn by Bob Travers.
Campbell, Wm, btn by Jesse Hatton.
Crockett, Geo, btn by Job Cobley.
Crutchley, Henry, bt George Lane, 54 rounds, 1h 17 min, £50, at Hampton, in Harden, Feb. 24.
Connelly, John, btn by J. Cotter.
Clark, James, btn by George King.
Cunningham, Bill, btn by Tom Ship.
Connor, btn by Teddy (Jemmy Welch's Novice).
Dehaney, btn by Tyson.
Edwards, bt Fitz, 1h 10 min, £10, Sept. 9.
Evans, B, bt George Beasley, 43 rounds, 1h 10 min, £10, on the Worcester Road, August 17.
Fieldhouse, btn by Colter.
Finighty, Simon, bt Charles Lynch (foul) 95 rounds, 2h 48 min, £30, near London, Oct. 27.
Faulkner, J, btn by M. Hopkins.
Flannery, btn by Nolan.
Fitz, btn by Edwards.
Garrington, bt Toole (foul), 24 rounds, 1h, £20, near Newcastle on Tyne, Oct. 27.
Gayton, George, btn by Young Stamp.
Gibbes, W, btn by Clamp.
Gillingham, Jack, btn by Millard.
Gillian, draw with Mottle, 22 rounds, 2h 40 min, £20, at Hayling Island, April 14.
Hatton, Jesse, bt Wm Campbell, 130 rounds, 3h 10 min, £50, near London, April 15.
— bt George Baker, 53 rounds, 1h 25 min, £55, near London, July 28.
Hacket, James, bt G. Norton, 1h 45 min, £4, near Liverpool, April 21.
Harris, Dooney, bt Joe Baldock, 25 rounds, 45 min, £100, near London, June 30.
Hendley, bt Warminger, 17 rounds, 17 min, £20, at Shell Haven, August 4.
Hodsdon, Geo, draw with Joe Butterfield, 36 rounds, 1h 40 min, £10, at Greenford Green, July 27.
Harcourt, bt Harrison, 140 rounds, 2h 30 min, £20, at Northfield, August 9.
Hopkins, M, bt J. Faulkner, 31 rounds, 44 min, £20, near Stratford-on-Avon, Oct. 12.
Hazeltine, John, btn by Bos Tyler.
Hayes, Bill, btn by Bob Travers.
Haley, Jack, btn by Dan McCarty.
Hughes, Jem, btn by Dan Timmins.
Harrison, btn by Harcourt.
Jones, Aaron, draw with Tom Sayers, 62 rounds, 3h, £200, Convey Island, Jan. 6.
— btn by Tom Sayers, in their subsequent contest.
James *alias* Ginger, beaten by Mickey the Grecian.
King, George, draw with James Clark, 122 rounds, 2 h 50 min. £55, at Dunford Bridge, Oct. 20.
Keefe, Dan, bt Jem Paul, 127 rounds, 2 h 45 min., £10, near Cheltenham, Oct. 5.
Liddell, Dan. btn by Bob Webb.
Langham, Nat. draw with Ben. Caunt, 51 rounds, 1 h 29 min., £400, near London, Sept. 22.
Lynch, Charles, btn by Simon Finighty.
Lancaster, btn by Meek.
Lane, George, btn by Henry Crutchley.
Mace, James, bt Wm. Thorpe, 18 rounds, 27 min., £50, Feb. 17.
McCarty, Dan. bt Jack Haley, 51 rounds, 1 h 20 min., near Long Reach, May 12.
Mickey, (the Grecian,) bt James (*alias* Ginger,) 2 h 15 min., £10, at Bromford, May 25.
Meek, bt Lancaster, 5 rounds, 9 min., £70, at Stratford-on-Avon, Aug. 17.
Moore, btn by Ray.
Malpas, draw with Price, of Belston, 1 h 40 min., £50, at Ruberry Hill, Aug. 18.
McNulty, bt Parkinson, (foul) 33 rounds, 46 min, at Ruberry Hill, Aug. 31, their previous battle resulted in a draw, after fighting 56 rounds in 1 h.
Mullen, Ned. bt Mulvannah, 60 rounds, 1 h £10, at Woodhead, Dec. 1.
Mottle, draw with Gillian, 122 rounds, 2 h 40 min., £20, at Hayling Island, April 14.
Mulvannah, btn by Ned. Mullen.
Morris, Dan, draw with James Brookes, 104 rounds, 2 h 45 min., £100 Home Circuit, June 23.
Millard, Young, bt Jack Gillingham, 19 rounds, 38 min, £3, near Bristol, Dec. 10.
Newton, Alfred, bt Robt. Birmingham, 49 rounds, 49 min., £20, at Walsall Aqueduct, Feb. 16.
Norton, George, btn by James Hackett.
North, Young, btn by Skidmore.
Nolan, bt Flannery, 96 rounds, 2 h 10 min., £20, at Northfield, March 31.
Newton, btn by Black Joe.
Price, of Bilston, btn by Malpas.
Parkinson, draw with McNulty, at Yardley, 56 rounds, 60 min, £30, btn by McNulty, in a more recent encounter.
Paul, Jem, btn by Dan. Keefe.
Paget, bt Price, 3 h £5, at Wolverhamton, Jan. 12.
Price, btn by Paget.
Perry, (*alias* Tipton Slasher,) btn by Tom Sayers.
Ray, Teddy, bt Lucky Moore, 36 rounds, 56 min, £10, near London, March 10.
Sayers, Tom, draw with Aaron Jones, 62 rounds, 3 h, £200, at Convey Island, Jan. 6.
— bt Aaron Jones, 35 rounds, 2 h £400, near London, Feb. 10.
— bt Perry (*alias* Tipton Slasher,) 10 rds. 1 h 42 min, £400, near London, June 16.
Skidmore, Young, bt Young North, 75 rounds, 2h 20 min, £10, at Amblecote, Dec. 7.
Stamp, Young, bt George Gayton, 1 h 20 min, £10, July 28.
Stamp, Harry, bt Charles Turner, 47 min, £10, Sept. 15.
Smith, Jack, draw with Tom Truttle, 89 rounds, 2 h 35 min, £10, at Portsmouth, Nov. 5.
Ship, Tom, bt Bill Cunningham, 49 min, £20, at Bristol, Nov. 23.
Smith, John, bt William Singleton, 91 rounds, 1 h 50 min, £20, at Woodhead, Dec. 1.
Slack, Robt. btn by John Botson.
Singleton, Wm. btn by John Smith.
Travers, Bob, bt Bill Cleghorn, 36 rounds, 1 h 27 min, £200, at Long Reach, Jan. 20.
— bt Bill Hayes, 78 rounds, 3 h 45 min, £200, near London, May 13.
Tyler, Bos, bt John Hazeltine, 60 rounds, 1 h 55 min, £100, near London, March 10.
— bt Topper Brown, 51 rounds, £100, near London, Oct. 13.
Timmins, Dan, bt Jem Hughes, 56 rounds, 1 h 28 min, £200, in Australia, April 28.
Tyson, bt Dehaney, 38 rounds, 1 h 10 min, £10, near London, Nov 24.
Teddy, (Jemmy Welch's Novice) bt Connor, 15 rounds, 25 min, at Smethwick, March 23.
— bt Caggy Wilson, 52 rounds, 1 h 15 min, at Bromford, March 2.
Turner, Charles, btn by Harry Stamp.
Toole, btn by Garrington.
Truttle, Tom, btn by Jack Smith.
Thorpe, Wm. btn by James Mace.
Tyler, Thomas, btn by Alex. Andrews.
Wilson, Caggey, btn by Welch's Novice.
— bt Blackey, 56 rounds, 1 h 15 min, at Selbey Oak Valley, July 13.
Whitehouse, T. bt R. Wootton, 15 rounds, 45 min, £10, at Coventry, June 15.
White, Joe, bt Bath Jack, 13 rounds, 42 min, £50, at Ayr Point, June 30.
Webb, Bob, bt Dan Liddell, 57 rounds, 1 h 45 min, £20, near London, July 28.
Wingfield, btn by Cooksey.
White, btn by Bell.
Wootton, btn by T. Whitehouse.
Warminger, btn by Hendley.

THE TRIGGER.

SHOOTING IN VIRGINIA.—Blackheath Collieries, Va., Dec. 25th, 1857.—DEAR FRANK—A pigeon shooting match took place here on the 19th inst., between a Mr. Whitehouse, hailing from Schuylkill Co., Pa., and a Mr. R. Powel, of this place. The day was propitious, and the event promised to be a very exciting and well contested affair, at least judging from the large draughts of *gas* in which Powel and his friends indulged. We must say, however, that we were much mistaken. The conduct of Powel and his adherents we consider reprehensible in the extreme, exhibiting not a particle of that chivalry and prowess, characteristics of Southern sportsmen. From first to last, prevarication, dodging, and the introduction of sectional antipathy prevailed in an eminent degree. After baudying about considerable irrevalent stuff, it was finally agreed to shoot as follows:—Each to have 7 birds, to shoot from ground trap, 25 yards rise, 81 fall, and to trap for each other. The following is a summary:

D. Whitehouse.....0 1 0 1 1 1—4 out of 6.
R. Powel.....0 0 1 0 0 —1 out of 5 and ruled out.

The stakes ($80) were forked over to Whitehouse, and the shooting was ended.

We understand that Mr. Whitehouse has winged his flight to the cold regions of the North, to indulge in the same kind of sport. A LOOKER ON.

SHOOTING IN PENNSYLVANIA.—City of Reading, Berks Co., Pa., Dec. 28.—DEAR FRANK: Our friend David Whitehouse paid us a visit with a view of attending to the gentleman who had a "rod in pickle" for him. Strange as it may appear, no effort whatever was made by the *gentleman* to administer the flaggelation it was presumed he intended to give. He put in an appearance, certainly, but was *afraid to cross bayonets* with Mr. Whitehouse. He pleaded the excuse, scarcity of dimes, but that is a poor, *extremely poor*, way of carrying into execution those boasted threats which were heralded forth in the CLIPPER some time ago. Whitehouse was willing to accommodate him on any terms, and even give twenty-five per cent odds. We think he may allow his "*rod in pickle*" to lay until some smaller boy comes this way. So much for the cannon.

A friendly match took place between Mr. Whitehouse and E. J. R., as a sort of compensation for the short comings of Robert. The shooting took place at Neidly's, this, Monday afternoon, 28th inst.

SUMMARY:

Whitehouse....1 1 1 1 0—4 out of 5 | E. J. R.....1 1 1 1 1—5 out of 5

A SECOND CONTEST.

Whitehouse.....1 1 1—3 out of 3 | E. J. R.....1 0 1—2 out of 3

They shot from ground trap, 21 yards rise, 100 fall, 1½ oz. of shot, and trapped for each other.

Thus ended the long talked of display with the "rod in pickle." Where is, or was, Mr. Pigeon Feather, the oracle of Berks Co., as far as pigeon shooting is concerned? He it was that trumpeted as a paragon that *far famed "rod in pickle."* Alas! alas! Old Berks, how hath thy renown departed. A LOVER OF SPORT.

SHOOTING IN CALIFORNIA.—The following match came off at the Oak Grove House, Stockton, on the 11th of November, under the auspices of the Stockton Sporting Club:

FIRST MATCH—TEN SINGLE BIRDS.

E. P. Jones	1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1—10
R. P. Hammond	1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1—9
J. B. Hall	1 0 0 1 0 0 0 1 0 1—4
W. D. Aylett	0 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 0 1—6
S. A. Booker	1 1 1 1 1 0 1 0 1 1—8
H. T. Huggins	0 1 0 1 0 1 0 1 1 1—6

SECOND MATCH—FOUR SINGLE AND TWO DOUBLE BIRDS.

E. P. Jones	0 1 1 1 11—5
R. P. Hammond	0 1 1 1 11—5
J. B. Hall	1 0 0 1 11—4
W. D. Aylett	1 1 1 1 11—6
S. A. Booker	1 1 1 1 10—5
H. T. Huggins	1 1 0 0 11—4

THE PROPOSED MATCH between Messrs. King and Taylor still "hangs fire," although, as both gentlemen now begin to understand each other better, they will doubtless soon come to terms. Mr. King proposes to shoot two separate matches, viz: one match at 25 double birds, for $100, or upwards, according to Mr. Taylor's proposition; and another match at single birds, for $100, or upward, Mr. King shooting with one barrel of his 10 bore double gun, against Taylor's 7-bore, or any other gun he may select, Mr. King standing at 18 yards to Taylor's 21.

Mr. King also proposes to shoot the match recently attempted by Mr. Taylor, but in which he failed, viz:—He will take $100 to $50 that he (King) will shoot 45 out of 50 birds.

MATCH AT CRIBBAGE.—Quite an exciting game at Cribbage came off on 29th Dec. at the hotel of Peter Doyle, Philadelphia, between Messrs. Cline and Schuyler, for a purse of $20. These men are considered among the best that can be found in the city, both living at the two extreme ends of the city; and through their friends this meeting was brought about. The result of this contested game we give in the following score, there being but thirteen games played:

William Cline	1 1 0 0 1 0 0 0 1 1 1 0 0—6
William Schuyler	0 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 0 0 0 1 1—7

The last game was won by the last named person by one hole, showing that it was a pretty even thing. At the conclusion of the game, mine host invited a few of his friends to a well arranged supper, got up by the good lady of the house, who spared no pains in attending to the wants of those present; and in return they give their sincere thanks. The landlord of this house is a trump, and deserving of patronage.

PEDESTRIANISM.

WALKING FEAT AT NEW HAVEN.—New Haven, Dec. 28th, 1857.—MR. FRANK QUEEN: A pedestrian feat was performed in this city a few days ago by a young man called the Lynn Buck, from Massachusetts. He was backed for $250 to walk 100 consecutive hours, without rest or sleep, but with an allowance of ten minutes in every twelve hours. He commenced walking Monday evening, Dec. 21, at 8 o'clock, and when he mounted the plank he was loudly cheered by those present. He was dressed in blue velvet breeches trimmed with red, pink stockings, and red and white shirt, and heavy shoes. He walked in good style until yesterday evening, when his legs began to give out, and many bets were made that he would not hold out; he held out well, however, until Friday afternoon, when his head was getting dizzy, and the doctor told him to give up. This he refused to do, and kept on walking until twelve o'clock, when time was called, and the hall was thronged with people who twice gave three hearty cheers for the Lynn Buck. He was taken off the plank by Mr. Geo. Trainor, who attended him in his performance, and was taken good care of. This is the first feat of the kind that we have ever witnessed in this city, and it was very exciting to us all.

OLD SPORT.

CHRISTMAS SPORTS IN NEW JERSEY.—Quite a large number of spectators assembled at Elizabethtown, N. J., on Christmas day, to witness a number of pedestrian and other feats. Townsend, the pedestrian, ran five miles and jumped 500 hurdles in 55 minutes. A blind wheelbarrow race then came off, which was won by the Newark Chicken, after running over three men. The sack race, which afforded much merriment, was won by John Day. A match at football was the next on the list, but after playing without any decided advantage on either side, the ball was kicked on to the ice of an adjacent pond—the parties rushed on the ice for the ball, but the "cussed stuff" gave way, and ball and players "went into the water" kerslump. That put an end to the game of football. Then a sort of sparring exhibition took place, but this seems to have merged itself into a kind of knock-down and drag-out affair, or free fight, in which all who felt disposed entered, and many got "in" who were glad to come out soon afterwards. "Jersey Lightning" is supposed to have brought about this spirited termination to the day's sport.

FIVE MILE FOOT RACE AT BOSTON.—On Wednesday, December 23d, a five-mile foot race came off at the Agricultural Grounds, on Boston Neck, between Alfred Elson, the London Antelope, and Young Griffin, of Boston, for the sum of $100. Both men have been in active training for a month past, and were brought to the scratch in excellent condition. Elson was waited upon by John Stetson, and Griffin by T. A Scott. At the word, both bounded away at a rattling pace—before 200 yards were gone over, Griffin took the lead, and kept it throughout, winning the race in 29 minutes and 18 seconds. Griffin is not yet seventeen years of age. He can be backed to run Patrick Buckley, the Lynn Buck, if said Buckley will give him 300 yards start in a five-mile race. A match can be made at any time, at Bill Evans', Evans House, No. 12 Morton place, Boston, Massachusetts.

CATCHING A GREASED PIG.—FOOT RACE.—There was a large gathering in Dorchester on Christmas day, to witness the catching of a greased pig. At 10 o'clock the greased animal was let loose and the race commenced. Twenty-eight persons who had paid twenty-five cents each for the chance, entered for the privilege of catching the greased critter. At about 11 o'clock, Warren Haley succeeded in catching and holding the animal. The sport was most exciting and gave great satisfaction to the crowd.

Immediately after the pig race, there was a foot race, for which there were six young men engaged, distance half a mile, from School street to the Town house. Jonathan Baker, who has been training for two or three weeks, won the race and took the pool.

SPARRING.

SPARRING IN PHILADELPHIA.—Johnny Hasson gave an exhibition at Franklin Hall, Philadelphia, on Tuesday, 29th ult., and the sparring gave entire satisfaction. The audience was quite large, considering the hard times, which is one of the main reasons why these exhibitions of late are so poorly attended. The sparring commenced between Mullen and Kelly, after which Trexter and Murphy, then Scotty and Frank McIntyre, (the former person has improved very much of late;) Porter and O'Brian were next introduced, and gave a clever display. Young America and Gorman next took a bout, which was fully appreciated; then followed Shay and Kelly; Joe Murphy and Porter; Mullen and Wilson had a sharp set-to, the former having somewhat the best of it. The wind-up of the evening, between Hasson and McIntyre, was a clever display of science. Hasson appeared in fighting costume. At the end of the exhibition the beneficiary returned his heartfelt thanks for the assistance rendered him, and the audience were much satisfied with the exhibition.

SPARRING IN SYRACUSE.—On Christmas Eve, Ben Kelly and R. Hudson had a sparring exhibition at Sheldon Hall, Syracuse, in which they were assisted by Ed. Hale, Bill Ward, Jim Erwin, of Utica, &c., the wind-up was between Ben Kelly and the old veteran, Bill Tovee, who dropped in very unexpectedly. This set-to gave general satisfaction. The old veteran seems as spry on his pins as he was 20 years ago, and he is certainly a gentleman, and I hope it is not the last time we shall see old Tovee in Syracuse. A READER OF THE CLIPPER.

EXHIBITION IN CANADA.—On the 21st of December, Mr. Tovee gave an exhibition in Hamilton, at Mr. Doughty's Bowling Saloon. Tovee set-to with Joseph Tolbert, of Birmingham, and the spectators were so well pleased with the old veteran, that they pressed him to set-to with John Martin, of the Shakspeare Hotel, and the bout gave great satisfaction. Mr. Tovee requests us to return his thanks to Messrs. Martin and Doughty, and others, for their kindness to him.

COPE AND O'BRIEN.—EDITOR CLIPPER—I have just arrived in Chicago, and I see by this week's CLIPPER that Johnny O'Brien (or his friends,) has made a match with me in my absence; but being a stranger in Chicago, I had a friend to match me against O'Brien, who has staked $10 for said match. Now I will fight said Johnny O'Brien for $500 or $1000, or any sum he likes, or any amount his friends may chose; as I am here in Chicago, I will fight him any where excepting Illinois, for the above sum; and at the same time I am willing to go on with Charley Holmes's match, win or lose.

JACK COPE.

COCKING IN CLEVELAND.—Cleveland, Dec. 22, 1857.—DEAR FRANK: Our Cleveland boys have opened the season again in the way of cock fighting. After a dormant state, a small main has been made up between Thos. Swaffield and Jacob King, to fight on Jan 6th, 1858, the best two of three, for two hundred dollars the main. LOVER OF SPORT.

JOHN SCOTT MUSKETEERS.—This company will give their third annual invitation ball, at the City Assembly Rooms, on Monday evening next, January 4th.

SPORTS! SPORTS!
Exercise! Exercise!! Exercise!!!

NEW YORK CLIPPER,

THE RECOGNIZED SPORTING JOURNAL OF AMERICA,

AND ADVOCATE OF PHYSICAL AND MENTAL RECREATIONS FOR THE PEOPLE.

THE popular American Sporting Journal, now in the fifth year of its existence, has an immense circulation, extending over the four quarters of the globe. The CLIPPER gives full and authentic reports of every event of a sporting nature, such as—Cricket; Chess; Draughts; Yachting; Ball Play; Pedestrianism; Boxing; Horse Racing; Trotting; Pugilism; Feats of Strength; Rowing; Canine Sports; Rifle Shooting; Pigeon Shooting; Pistol Shooting; Game Fowl; Wrestling; Curling, &c., &c., &c.

The CLIPPER also gives two or more

SPORTING ILLUSTRATIONS

in each number.

It also devotes considerable space to

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS:

Embracing information on general topics, but sporting matters in particular. Correspondents answered free of expense.

The CLIPPER is the organ of no particular class, but devotes its energies and influence to the improvement of the physical and mental condition of the people, as well as to making money, honestly, for its proprietors. The success of the CLIPPER, as a sporting paper, is without precedent in this or any other country. It is now hailed as "the recognised sporting authority in America."

TERMS.—Single copies, 4 cents each. By mail—$1.00 for six months; $2.00 for one year. Club of four, $7.00 per annum; club of eight, $13.00 per annum; club of twelve, $18.00 per annum—in all cases in advance. Advertisements, 6 cents per line for each and every insertion. Day of publication, Thursday of each week.

FRANK QUEEN, PROPRIETOR,
No. 30 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1858.

FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

WHOLESALE AGENTS.

ROSS & TOUSEY, 121 Nassau st., N. Y.
MADDEN & Co., 21 and 23 Ann street.
BOYLE & WHALEN, 32 Ann street.
SAMUEL YATES, 22 Beekman street.
CAULDWELL & LONG, 32 Ann street.
HAMILTON & JOHNSTON, No. 22 Ann street.
A. WINCH, 116 Chesnut street, Philadelphia.
BURNHAM, FEDERHEN & Co., 9 and 13 Court street, Boston.
JOHN J. DYER, 35 School street, Boston
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Building, Baltimore, Md
A. C. BAGLEY, Cincinnati.
WALLACE, AUSTEN & BUHL, Chicago, Ill.
A. & E. ERSKINE, 7 Exchange Place and 122 Poydras st., New Orleans.
L. D. CAMPBELL, 16 King street West, Toronto, Canada West.
BELL & HENDRICKSON, 512 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.
DUNCAN & INNES, 162 Vine street, Cincinnati.

NOW READY.

PICTORIAL CLIPPER,

FOR THE CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR HOLIDAYS.

OUR annual PICTORIAL sheet, which will be issued on or about the first of December, is now in course of preparation, and will favorably compare with those which have preceded it. It was our intention to have had a large engraving prepared of pugilists now in America, but as we have found it a more difficult matter than we imagined to procure the likenesses of some of our pugilistic friends, we will not be able to carry out our intentions in that respect. In lieu thereof, however, we are now having engraved a large and artistic representation of the

Great Battle
BETWEEN
JOHNNY BROOME AND JACK HANNAN,
FOR $5000;
FOUGHT ON THE 26TH OF JANUARY, 1841;

And which created IMMENSE SENSATION in England and America at the time.

From this picture our patrons may obtain a clever idea of a British Prize Fight.

The 24-feet roped ring is seen with the principals at the scratch, the seconds in their corners, and bottle-holders in close attendance.

Outside of the ring may be seen the ring of straw, on which those who can afford to pay for the privilege, are reclining at their ease. Beyond this again, is the larger or outer ring, and again, still further back, may be seen a circle composed of all sorts of vehicles, filled with spectators of the Battle.

The ring-keepers may be seen plying their whips, and exerting themselves to the utmost to prevent the crowd from encroaching upon, or interfering with the lesser, or fighting, arena, and those within it.

The editors of the sporting journals are seen by the ring-side, taking notes as the battle progresses.

In the foreground, and in close proximity to the inner ring may be seen various well-known sporting characters, pugilists, and supporters of the Prize Ring. Among these are the following:

OWEN SWIFT,	HARRY HOLT,	JOHNNY WALKER,
TOM SPRING,	TOM CRIBB,	NED O'NEIL,
YOUNG DUTCH SAM,	J. ANDERSON, Esq.,	UNCLE BEN,
SAMBO SUTTON,	TASS PARKER,	JNO. HUNT,
DICK CURTIS,	LEVI ECKERSLEY;	JOE BANKS,
CAPT. NAPIER,	CAPT. DUFFY,	TOM READY,
ALECK REED,	JEM BURN,	TOM OLIVER,
HAMMER LANE,	PETER CRAWLEY,	RICHARD MALEY,
DEAF BURKE,	&c., &c.,	&c., &c.

These are said to be fair likenesses of the originals, their style of dress, &c. In addition to these, there are hundreds of other figures of all shapes and sizes, the attendance at the above fight being unusually numerous. The entire picture is being engraved expressly for the PICTORIAL CLIPPER, and will be well worth double the price asked for the paper.

Besides this, we have had designed a spirited and brilliant border for our Time Table. This border is composed of different scenes, emblematic of the various records in our Time Table, each scene distinct in itself, but forming, altogether, an elaborate and highly artistic picture. The design has been placed in the hands of our engraver, and will be completed at an early day.

THE TIME TABLE,

OR, RECORD OF EXTRAORDINARY SPEED AND REMARKABLE EVENTS, for which the above picturesque border has been expressly prepared, will give the Fastest Time on Record of

RACING,	TROTTING,	PACING,
WALKING,	RUNNING,	LEAPING,
SPEED OF LOCOMOTIVES,	STEAMERS,	SAILING CRAFT,
ROWING,	THROWING,	BATTING,
LONGEST PRIZE FIGHT,	SHORTEST DITTO,	LARGEST STAKE FOUGHT FOR,
RAT KILLING,	BIRD FLYING,	BALLOONING;

The whole forming an invaluable

FUND OF USEFUL INFORMATION,

Not only to the sporting community, but to all other classes.

This Table is made up to the latest moment, and is prepared with the greatest care and attention. This is another feature, in itself, of great value, and should be preserved for future reference.

Numerous other pictures will also be given on various sporting subjects, and the whole will be

BEAUTIFULLY PRINTED

on a large sheet of fine white, calendered and sized paper, and

WILL BE RETAILED

at the extremely low price of

Six Cents per Copy.

The success attending all our previous Pictorial sheets renders it necessary to print an immense edition, for heretofore we have been unable to supply the demand. In order to do our best to keep up the supply, we shall go to press in two or three weeks, and have printed a large edition before a single copy is sold to any one, so that all places, far and near, may have them on sale on or about the first of December. There is no fear of Agents being stuck with

PICTORIAL CLIPPERS,

for they will sell the year round when once a glimpse is caught of their contents.

Agents would do well, therefore, to send in their orders as early as convenient.

THE CHESS COURSE OF THE CLIPPER FOR THE PAST YEAR.

WHEN its present editor took the Chair of Chess in the CLIPPER, we determined to give it such a stand as should make, and such a course of guidance as should keep it the true index of the state and progress of American Chess. Rather more than a year has elapsed, and we would for a moment recall our readers to a summary of our course, and of our observations upon the general cause. The opportunity is most propitious, the mind of the chess public being eminently in a proper mood for summing up the past and establishing a well-defined stand point at which to fix and judge of our present attainments, and from which to compare and estimate our future progress.

The midnight of our ten years of chess dark ages had passed; the rays of a permanently-dawned civilization were spreading over the land; the morning star of this coming day had fulfilled its mission, and was now paling before the more effectual fires of other luminaries; but the CLIPPER, encouraged by friends and strengthened by experience, prepared to take the rising car of day and guide it to the zenith of success.

Says one, philosophically, "the great majority of men and years plod on through an ordinary course full of small troubles and little joys, and when they cease to be, subtract one unremembered life from millions, and add 365 easily forgotten days to the great chronological heap." The past has been no such common-place year to American Chess. The stride of progress is so distinctly marked, and its attainments so broadly scored upon the tablets of our chess history, that it will ever be pointed out as our brilliant year. The organization of our Metropolitan Club has raised a standard which a score of our leading cities have imitated, and a score more, we doubt not, are preparing to emulate. The CLIPPER, the oldest living exponent of this enthusiastic progress, has had the satisfaction of welcoming to its side and co-operation a chess column in several weekly newspapers.

Amid all this array and all this zeal, without fear of contradiction, or even the charge of egotism, we stand proudly forth and claim the first place for our CLIPPER—first in order of time, first in zeal, first and most consistently uniform in its progress and counsels, and first in influence in the good work where all are zealous and all have influence.

The principle upon which our Chess Department was established and has ever been conducted was that, to be really useful to the cause of chess, a helping, and hence welcome friend to the hundreds desiring to learn the elements of the science, it should not be conducted too exclusively for the already proficient—hitherto the prevailing error. The want of this country was a series of chess articles which should commence with even mere beginners; that such must not be held as beneath attention, or as unrequiting the pains expended upon, comparatively, tedious preliminaries. These views, we still believe them just, decided us to commence with first principles, and, from the merest elements, assuming our pupils knew nothing, to lead them gradually forward through every stage of instruction capable of being given on paper. This course of procedure has reaped a most gratifying harvest of success among a large class of young men to whom the study and practice of chess must be as a new and brighter leaf of existence. A study opening a new and purer vista of enjoyment, at once so vigorous as to enchain the intellect; so attractive as to secure and fix the affections. This desirable consummation has been peculiarly our own work. In proof, look at the avidity with which our weekly efforts are seized by our students; look at our correspondence for the past year—as numerous and widely spread as all our contemporaries put together. Look at the enthusiastic attachment to us of a multitude of players, and multitudes more of beginners in both branches of our science, knowing we are always ready to assist them, and grateful for the consideration we ever show to their sensibilities—when in error or ignorance. And where else can they look? Chess books, particularly the old masters, are rare and costly. Who, beside ourselves, occupy their columns, and *descend* (?) to the labor of giving elaborate theoretical instruction? None. Who condescend to stoop from the heights of their skill and dignity to answer the many seemingly foolish questions of beginners, in such a way as at once to convey instruction and avoid wounding their feelings? None. "Our standard" has been the repelling terror of the many in this country eager to learn chess but deterred by the false pride and position of those to whom they ought ever to have felt free to look for assistance. Such being the results of "our standard," we, thank—Caissa! havn't any, and never will have.

During the past year we have given from our library a complete analysis of the DAMIANO GAMBIT, CENTRE GAMBIT, and CENTRE COUNTER-GAMBIT. But what we chiefly plume ourselves upon is our complete series of papers upon that most scientific of openings, PHILIDOR'S DEFENCE to the K Kt's Opening. Nowhere else in any language has the student so gradual, connected, and complete an analysis of this opening. Opportunity has been given by us alone to study and digest every phase of the *debut*, one and no other, for the time, being presented to distract or confuse; and we have purposely allowed sufficient time to elapse between each paper to bring each time the interest unflaggingly to the work of completely mastering the lessons, to the end.

In the matter of our National Chess Congress the CLIPPER, among its compeers, stands pre-eminently foremost, as the following facts may show. When the proposition was first started by Mr. Montgomery, of Philadelphia, and a preliminary circular thrown out as a feeler, we at once published it in full, and from that day to this have never ceased to labor with all zeal both publicly and privately for its honor and success. Surprised at the non-appearance of this circular in any weekly contemporary, we saw in two or three weeks a mere hint in one, in reply to a correspondent, that "something of the kind was on foot, but had not assumed a shape definite enough to warrant their notice—the correspondent must inquire of the committee." Of another, we inquired personally, and was told that as yet all was so uncertain that "they did not think it proper to commit themselves till they saw what was likely to turn up;" and for weeks the affair was hardly even hinted at. But, we urge d thrown fully and promptly into the scale would materially increase the chances of success. "True, but if the project should even then chance to fail, themselves must partake of the chagrin," and so—! There's dignity for you The CLIPPER alone eschewed such love for chess as that; and, throwing such selfishness to the dogs, actuated only by a sincere desire to see the gathering honorably consummated, used voice and pen with unabated zeal and unwavering fidelity to bring about the present success which timid laggards and impudent upstarts are now so ready to appropriate.

Thus stands Chess, and thus stand we in relation to its past advancement and present position. We can only hope to digest and render of permanent value and real acquisition the lofty attainments of the year just closed, during the next two or three. Wisely has the American National Chess Association determined to hold a Congress only once in two or three years. The work of solidifying and applying will be one of less *eclat* and consume vastly more time and labor than the exciting one of constructing our present chess material. The foundations of our temple are laid broad and deep; now comes the true tax upon our zeal and enthusiasm. Let us see, during a coming period of comparative dulness, whose chess enthusiasm is genuine and reliable; whose will be made valuable to the thousands of amateurs actually thirsting to profit by what they could not participate in. We point to no one, we promise nothing; but say, watch us all, and have the honesty to acknowledge the palm of merit to whomsoever shall most assiduously and uniformly labor through the coming two years to stamp the present attainments as the real stand of American Chess.

We say not these things to croak of coming evil; it is not our nature. Chess is, and of right ought to be, to nearly all its amateurs but their amusement. An unnatural excitement has been put upon the mind, and an undue tax upon the time of all our best men. Life, with its stern realities, is a serious demand, and the reflecting mind can but foresee, and the prudent one arm for, a period of corresponding inaction to our truest friends; and, how much more, a falling off of shallow-brained, popinjay acquisitions and friends, friends only in the hour of *eclat* and excitement. The CLIPPER, with a steady hand at the helm, comparatively unmoved by the storms of excitement or calms of depression, is prepared to keep the flag of Chess unfurled at her foretop, and sail forth the present year more decidedly than ever the flag-ship of the whole squadron.

POULTRY QUARREL.

MR. EDITOR: Having been informed some ten days since of an intended rupture between the two houses "White Hackle" and "Screw Dock," I prepared to be an eye witness, and accordingly at the time appointed, (Monday evening last), at 7½ o'clock, arrived at the battle ground, which, for convenience of access and the general excellent arrangements, surpasses anything of the kind ever gotten up this side of Jordan.

The attraction was a main of cocks, each party to show fifteen; after weighing, it appeared but nine matches could be made.

Summary	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Screw Dock	1	1	0	0	1	1	0	1	0	—5
White Hackle	0	0	1	1	0	0	1	0	1	—4

It will thus be seen that the "Screw Dock" party won five matches and the main. Why the one party dubbed his cocks "White Hackle" I am at a loss to conjecture, surely there were none in the main, albeit he had remarkably fine cocks.

The cocks of the "Screw Dock" party were also remarkably fine, and had evidently been under the care of those well skilled in the art. The whole affair was creditable to the parties concerned, and gives promise of future pleasure which can only be indulged in under the same regulations.

The proprietors of the pit seem to understand the requirements of their visitors, and so long as they meet with encouragement from the same class they must succeed to admiration. In my experience there never has been a more agreeable meeting for the purposes laid down in the bill, than the one alluded to; there was not a single dispute between the umpires; and the cocks, emulating their example, did their best to win. Two of them, however, (one on each side) observed the maxim, "he who fights and runs away, may live to fight another day," and so believing, did run away.

To-night there is to be a battle royal at the same place, and great fun is anticipated.

As this pit can only be entered by introduction of a member, I would hint to those who enjoy the sport that access may be gained by application to Matt Rusk, who is generally posted. I have understood that every Wednesday night is set apart for the fun, and as many strangers arrive in our city, it would be well for them to make the enquiry suggested. Your readers are fully aware of my advocacy of a pit conducted in a proper manner, and all I desire to add at the present moment is my testimony to the entire absence of everything likely to disturb or create dissatisfaction by reason of foul handling, pipe smoke, or bad whiskey.

Yours truly, WHITE HACKLE.

Philadelphia, Dec. 23, 1857.

JOHN HUTCHINSON, THE JOCKEY.

IN 1751, the afterwards celebrated breeder and trainer John Hutchinson, of Shipton and Beningbrough, near York, was a jockey-boy in the service of Sir Robert Eden, of Castle Eden, Durham, ancestor of the present noble family of that name. He rode and looked after a filly named Miss Western, which was by the famous little horse Sedbury, out of the surdam of Eclipse. Being five years old, she went to Hambleton to run for the King's Plate for mares; only ten started this year, but of them Sir William Middleton's Camilla, own sister to Squirrel and Thwackem, was fully expected to win. Little Jack, had, however, formed so high an opinion of his filly that he took the long odds against her to the last farthing he possessed, and had the good fortune to win. On receiving the money, which to him appeared an inexhaustible treasure, it is related that he carried it to show the mare herself, and spreading it all out on the corn-bin, exclaimed, "There, thank God, I shall never want money again." Forty-eight years afterwards, he had sufficient vigor, mental and bodily, to superintend the training of Hambletonian (whom he bred) for his great match with Diamond. He died in the present century, having realized nearly £30,000 during a truly irreproachable life: not a more industrious, able, or honest man ever lived in any occupation, not to say in one of such more than ordinary temptation.

HORSE RACE FOR $20,000.

THE AMERICAN TURF IN THE YEAR 1825

THE following account of a race which took place on the Union Course, L. I., in the year 1825, may not be without interest to the present generation. The report of the race is taken from the New York *Gazette*, of November 1, 1825:

MATCH RACE.—Yesterday the great match race was run at the Union Course, L. I., between General Wynn's b. m. Flirtilla, by Sir Archy, 5 years old, and Mr. Lynch's g. c. Ariel, by Eclipse, 3 years old.—Three mile heats—$20,000 dollars a side.

Great confidence was manifested in both horses, and the friends of each were never more positive. Many believing in the fleetness of Ariel, offered freely on her side the first heat, and the result showed they were not mistaken in their calculations. She won the first heat, but lost the race.

At starting she took the lead, and was followed by Flirtilla in a handsome gentle gallop all the first mile round, to the Judge's box, when she made a dash, passed her antagonist, and the remaining two miles were run with great spirit, and in as short a time, with the exception of the race between Eclipse and Henry, as was ever permormed on this or any other course in the United States. Ariel won the heat by about half her length. Time of running the first mile in this heat, two minutes 12 seconds—the other two miles were performed in three minutes 47 seconds, which is an average of one minute 53½ seconds to each of the last two miles of this heat, which is unprecedented, with the exception above stated. Although they were five minutes 59 seconds in running the whole heat, it is believed, if both horses had been put any where near the top of their speed from the start, it would have been done in shorter time than we have on record.

The second heat Flirtilla pursued a different policy, and went to her work in good earnest from the score. She took the lead, and was suffered to run on a great way ahead by the rider of Ariel, so that when he made his effort to close up the gap it proved to be a little, and but very little too late. The last quarter of a mile, she gained on her antagonist every jump, and lost the heat by only a head. So close was it, and with such astonishing rapidity did she pass Flirtilla, just upon the line of the coming in point, that strong doubts existed until it was proclaimed from the Judges in their box, which had gained the heat. Time of running this heat 5 min. 54½ sec.

Confidence now began to be impaired in Ariel's ability to win the race, and two to one were offered and taken on Flirtilla for the third heat, and she did not disappoint her backers. In this heat as indeed in the other two, she showed great bottom, strength and speed. She went off in full blast, relying upon her bottom, and left Ariel far behind, and won the heat by about half a distance, or 82 yards. Time of running this heat 5 minutes 57 seconds. Each horse carried weight according to age—Flirtilla 113 lbs. and Ariel 87lb.

Thus has terminated the fifth great match race between Southern and New York breeders of horses, four of which have been won here. And although we have lost one out of five, we have lost no credit; for when we take it into consideration that in every instance we have had to contend with their best blood and their long experience, we have every reason to be proud of the ground we now stand on. And when it is recollected that Ariel, only three years old, has had to contend with one of the most powerful, if not the very best horse of the South at the present day, we ought also to feel proud of her as the daughter of Eclipse and Empress.

On the whole, we think the last match was but rash on the part of the New York sportsmen; a three year old colt to run nine miles! A thing unheard of in the racing calendar, and the event was precisely what ought to have been expected.

A ROVING DOG.

DOGS sometimes manifest a taste for the sweets of liberty in rather a whimsical way. A friend of ours once owned a beautiful setter, who, unfortunately, preferring a wildnerness to a garden, uprooted rose-bushes, grubbed up geraniums, tore down grape vines, and made bone depositories of strawberry beds. He was, of course, put on chain. On the first opportunity he disappeared, and for weeks nothing was heard of his whereabouts. At last they found him in the street, with a collar on his neck, bearing the name and residence of a new owner. An explanation ensued, when it was discovered that he had attached himself to the person in question, with whom he had been residing ever since his disappearance, and in whose company he had repeatedly passed his old master's residence, without manifesting the least signs of recognition. Indeed, from his apparent indifference to all parts of the city, and his off-hand way of domiciliating in his new quarters, it had been supposed that he had strayed away from some stranger, *en route* to a distant part of the country. He was again chained to his old dog-house, and, in the course of time, again escaped. A month elapsed, and his disconsolate master, while in the act of leaving Mr. Krider's store, situated on the northeast corner of Second and Walnut streets, between the two principle market houses on the city, again encountered his lost property, in excellent condition—this time hand and glove with a butcher's boy, who was carrying home a basket of meat.

Our friend at once stopped short, planting himself before the bulkhead, directly in the dog's way.

The animal passed the critical spot with the utmost *nonchalance*, and was wending his way to parts unknown, when his master, provoked as well as amused with the cut direct, pronounced, in a voice of thunder, the awful word "Mart!"

"I really thought," said he, in relating the anecdote, "the dog would have sunk down through the bricks. It was laughable to notice the rueful countenance of the scapegrace, as he crouched on the pavement, with a slight twitch of his tail, one eye fixed imploringly on me, and the other turned towards the boy, over whose chubby face was beginning to steal the conviction that they two must part. The affair reminded me strongly, at the moment, of two lines in one of Scott's border ballads, which may thus be parodied:

> The conscious cur fell to the ground,
> And inly muttered, 'found! found! found!'"

It is now some years since Mart slipped his collar *in toto*, for he continued in his vagrant habits to the last, at one time attaching himself to a rigger in Reed street, and upon another to a recruiting sergeant of marines. Influenced by his impatience of restraint, he may, possibly, have gone off to join the Mormons.

His master, with a pertinacity almost as humorous, insists upon it that he will yet turn up, when least expected, and is yearly in the habit of visiting the menagerie, in the hopes of finding him attached to a caravan.

This dog was of hardy constitution, a great ranger, and uniformly travelled a fast gait.—*Krider's Sporting Anecdotes.*

A COOL JOKE.

Coincidence of names, says Quiz,
Cause witty truths to flow:
For instance, "FROST" my *baker* is,
And I'm employ'd by "SNOW."

Then may it not, I wish to know,
In ev'ry sense be said,
That 'tis alone thro' "FROST" and "SNOW"
I get my *daily bread!*

THE NIGHT ATTACK.

A WILD IRISH STORY.

It was in the beginning of December, 184—, we were sitting down to dinner after a capital day's cock-shooting—besides myself there were Lord Clontarf, Colonel Mohun, and Kate, my wife—when we were disturbed by a perfect hail of knocks at the hall door. Old Dan Tucker or the Spectre Horseman never clamored more loudly for admittance.

Fritz, Mohun's old Austrian servant, went down to see what was up, and, on opening the door, was instantly borne down by the tumultuous rush of Michael Kelly, gentleman, agent to half a dozen estates, and attorney at law. In the two last capacities he had given, it seems, great umbrage to the neighboring peasantry, and they had caught him that night as he returned home, intending to put him to death with that ingenuity of torture for which the fine warm-hearted fellows are justly celebrated.

They did not wish to hurry over the entainment, so confined him in an upper chamber, while they called their friends and neighbors to rejoice with them, carousing meantime jovially below.

The victim contrived to let himself down from the window, and run for his life to the nearest house, which, unluckily, happened to be the Lodge. Two boys, however, saw and recognised him as he entered the demesne, and raised a whoop, to show that they knew where the fox and gone to ground.

This we made out from a string of incoherent interjections; and then he lay panting and contorting himself in an agony of fear.

Mohun sat on the hall table, swinging his foot and regarding the spectacle with the indolent curiosity that one might exhibit towards the gambols of some ugly new importation of the Zoological society. When the story was told he pointed coolly to the door.

The shriek that the miserable creature set up on seeing that gesture I shall never forget.

"Do you think I shall turn my house into a refuge for destitute attorneys?" said Ralph, answering my look of inquiry. "If there was no other reason, I would not risk it, with your wife under my roof. A night attack in the west is no child's play."

Kate had come out and was leaning over the gallery. She heard the last words, and spoke, flushing scarlet with anger.

"If I thought my presence prevented an act of common humanity, I would leave your house this instant, Colonel Mohun."

Ralph smiled slightly, as he bent his head in courteous acknowledgment of her interruption.

"Don't be indignant, Mrs. Carew. If you have a fancy for such an excitement, I shall be too happy to indulge you. It is settled then. We back the attorney. Don't lie there, sir, looking so like a whipped hound. You hear? You are safe for the present." He had hardly finished, when there came a rustling of feet outside, then hurried whispers, then a knock and a summons.

"We'd like to spake wid the curnel, av ye plase."

"I am here: what do you want?" Mohun growled.

"We want the 'torney. We know that he's widin."

"Then I'm afraid you'll be disappointed. It's not my fancy to give him up. I wouldn't turn out a badger to you, let alone a man."

You see that he took the high moral ground now.

"Then we'll have him out in spite of yez," two or three voices cried out together.

"Try it!" Ralph said. "Meantime I am going to dine; good night."

A voice that had not spoken yet was heard with a shrill, gibing accent. "Ah! thin the best of appetites be to ye, curnel, and make haste over yer dinner. It's Pierce Delaney that'll give ye yer supper."

Then they went off.

"The said Delaney is a huge quarryman," Ralph observed. "He represents the physical element of terror hereabouts, as I believe I do the moral. We shall have warm work before morning. He does not like me. Fritz, send Connell up: he is below somewhere."

The keeper came, looking very much surprised. He had been in the stables, and had only just heard of the disturbance.

"Get the rifles and guns ready, with bullets and buckshot," his master said. "We are to be attacked, it seems."

The man's bold face fell blankly.

"By the powers, yer honor, I haven't the value of an ounce of poudther in the house. I meant to get some the morrow morning afore ye were up."

Mohun shrugged his shoulders, whistling softly.

"Man proposes," he said. "It's almost a pity we found so many cocks in the lower copse this afternoon. I have fifteen charges or so in my pistol case. We must make that do, loading the rifles light."

Then he went to a window, whence he could see down the road; the moon was shining brightly.

"I thought so; they have got scouts posted already. The barbarians know something of skirmishing, after all. Maddox, come here!"

The groom was a strong English boy, very much afraid of his master, but of nothing else on earth.

"Saddle Sunbeam, and go out by the back gates, keeping well under the shadow of the trees. When you clear them, ride straight at the rails at the end of the paddock. You'll get over with a scramble, I think. Keep fast hold of his head—you mustn't fall. Then make the best of your way to A——, and tell Colonel Harding, with my compliments, that I shall be glad if he will send over a troop as quickly as possible. They ought to be here in two hours. And, mind, don't spare the horse going, but bring him back easy. You will be of no use here, and I won't have him lamed if I can help it. You'll have to risk a bullet or two as you get into the road; but they can't shoot. It's odds against their hitting you. Now go."

The groom pulled his forelock as if the most ordinary commission had been given him, and vanished.

"Connell," Ralph went on, "go and saw the ladders that are in the yard half through. They will hardly try the barred windows; but it looks more workmanlike to take all precautions. Then come back, and help Fritz to pile chair and furniture all up the staircase, and about the hall near it. Line the gallery with mattresses, two feet deep, leaving spaces to fire through. Light all the lamps, and get more candles to fix about; we shall not see very clearly after the smoke of the first dozen shots. When you have finished, come to me. Now, shall we go back to dinner?"

I am not ashamed to own I had little appetite: nevertheless, I sat down. Kate had gone to her room. If her courage was failing, she did not wish to show it.

Suddenly our host got up and went to the window. His practiced ear had caught the tread of the horse which Maddox was taking out as quietly as possible. We watched him stealing along under the trees till their shelter failed him. Then he put Sunbeam to speed, and rode bodly at the rails. A yell went up from the road, and we saw dark figures running; then came a shot, just as the horse was rising at the fence. He hit it hard, and the splinters flew up white in the moonlight, but he was over. We held our breath, while several flashes told of dropping shots after the fugitive. They did not stop him, though; and, to our great relief, we heard the wild rush of the frightened horse subside into a long, stretching gallop, and the wind brought back a cheery halloo—"Foor'ard, forr'ard away!"

"So far so good," said Ralph Mohun, as he sat down again, and went in steadily as a woodcock "Don't hurry yourselves, gentlemen. We have three-quarters of an hour yet; they will take that time to muster. Clontarf, some hock?"

The boy to whom he spoke held out his glass with a pleasant smile. The coming peril had not altered a tint upon his fresh beardless cheeks—rosy and clear as a page's in one of Boucher's pictures.

A good contrast he made with the miserable attorney, who had followed us uninvited, (it seemed he only felt safe in our presence,) and who was couching in a corner, his lank hair plastered around his livid, convulsed face, with the sweat of mortal fear.

It struck Mohun, I think. He laid his hand on Clontarf's shoulder, and spoke with a kindness of voice and manner most unusual to him—

"We'll quell the savage mountaineer
As their Tinchell cows the game;
They come as fleet as forest deer,
We'll drive them back as tame."

Even at that anxious moment I could not help laughing at the idea of Ralph quoting poetry—of that grim Saul among the prophets.

I went in to keep up Kate's spirits. She bore up gallantly, poor child, and I left her tolerably calm. She believed in me as "plunger" to an enormous extent, and in Mohun still more. When I returned, my companions were in the gallery. This ran round two sides of the hall, which went up to the roof. The only access to the upper part of the house was by a stone staircase of a single flight. The kitchen and offices were on the ground floor, otherwise it was uninhabited.

Ralph had his pistols with him, and his cavalry sword, long and heavy, but admirably poised, lay within his reach.

"I have settled it," he said. "You and Connell are to take the guns. Smooth bores are quickest loaded, and will do for this short distance. Clontarf, who is not quite so sure with the trigger, is to have the post of honor, and guard the staircase with his sabre. Throw another bucket of water over it, Connell--is it thoroughly drenched? And draw the window up"—(these did not reach to within ten feet of the floor)—"we shall be stifled else. But there will be a thorough draft when the door is down, that's one comfort. One word with you Carew."

He drew me aside, and spoke almost in a whisper, while his face was very grave and stern.

"You will do me this justice, whatever happens. Unless it had been forced upon me, I would not have risked a hair of your wife's head to save all the attorneys that are patronised by the father of lies. But mark me, if it comes to the worst, keep a bullet for *her!* Don't leave her to the mercy of those savage devils. I know them. She had better die ten times over than fall into their brutal hands. You must use your own discretion, though. I shall not be able to advise you, then. Not a man of them will be in this gallery till I am past praying for. Nevertheless, I hope and believe all will be right. Don't trouble yourself to reload; Fritz will do that for you. I have given him orders. Aim very coolly, too; we must not waste a bullet. You can choose your own sword; there are several behind you. Ah! I hear them coming up. Now, men, to your posts."

There was a tramp of many feet, and the surging of a crowd about and against the hall door. Then a harsh, loud voice spoke:

"Onst for all, will ye give him up, or shall we take him and serve the rest of yez as bad? Ye've got women there too——"

I will not add the rest of the threat, for very shame. I know it made me more wolfish than ever I thought it posible to feel, for I am a good-natured man in the main. Mohun, who is *not*, bit his mustache furiously, and his voice shook a little as he answered:

"Do you ever say a prayer, Pierce Delaney? You need one now. If you live to see to-morrow's sunset, I wish my right hand may wither at the wrist."

A shrill howl pealed out from the assailants, and then the stout oak door cracked and quivered under the strokes of a heavy battering-beam. In a hundred seconds the hinges yielded, and it came clattering in. Over it leaped three wild figures, bearing torches and pikes, but their chief, Delaney, was not one of them.

"The left-hand man is yours, Carew; Connell, take the middle one," said Ralph, as coolly as if we had sprung a pack of grouse. While he spoke his pistol cracked, and the right-hand intruder dropped across the threshold without a cry or a stagger, shot right through the brain. The keeper and I were nearly as fortunate. Then there was a pause; then a rush from without, an irregular discharge of musketry, and the clear part of the hall was crowded with enemies.

I can't tell exactly what ensued. I know they retreated several times, for the barricade was impassable; and while their shots fell harmlessly on the mattresses, every one of ours told—nothing makes a man shoot straight like being short of powder—but they came on again, each time with added ferocity.

I heard Mohun mutter more than once in a dissatisfied tone, "Why does not that scoundrel show himself? I can't make out Delaney." All at once I heard a stifled cry on my right, and to my horror I saw Clontarf dragged over the balustrade, in the gripe of a giant, whom I at once guessed to be the man we had looked for so long. Under cover of the smoke he had swung himself up the balustrade of the staircase, and grasping the poor boy's collar as he looked out incautiously from his shelter, dropped back into the hall, carrying his victim with him.

With a roar of exultation the wild beasts closed round their prey. Before I had time to think what could be done, I heard, close to my ear, a blasphemy so awful that it made me start even at that critical moment. It was Ralph's voice, but I hardly knew it—hoarse and guttural, and indistinct with passion. Without hesitating an instant, he swung himself over the balustrade, and lighted on his feet in the midst of the crowd. They were half drunk with whiskey, and maddened by the smell of blood; but so great was the terror of Mohun's name, all recoiled when they saw him thus face to face, his sword bare and his eyes blazing. That momentary panic saved Clontarf. In a second Ralph had thrown him under the arch of a deep doorway, and placed himself between the senseless body and its assailants. Two or three shots were fired at him without effect; it was difficult to take aim in such a tossing chaos; then one man, Delaney, sprung out at him with a clubbed musket. "At last!" we heard Mohun say, laughing low and savagely in his beard as he stepped one pace forward to meet his enemy. A blow that looked as if it might have felled Behemoth was warded dexterously by the sabre, and, by a quick turn of the wrist, its edge laid the Rapparee's face open in a bright scarlet gash, extending from eyebrow to chin.

His comrades rushed over his body, furious, though somewhat disheartened at seeing their champion come to grief; but they had to deal with a blade that had kept half-a-dozen Hungarian swordsmen at bay, and, with point of edge, it met them everywhere, magically. They were drawing back, when Delaney, recovering from the first effects of his fearful wound, crawled forward, gasping out curses that seemed floating on the torrent of his rushing blood, and tried to grasp Mohun by the knees and drag him down.

Pah! it was a sight to haunt one's dreams.

Ralph looked down on him, and laughed again; his sabre whirled round once, and cleared a wide circle; then, trampling down the wounded man by main force, he drove the point through his throat, and pinned him to the floor. I tell you I heard the steel plainly as it grated on the stone. There was an awful convulsion of all the limbs, and then the huge mass lay quite still.

Then came a lull for several moments. The Irish cowered back to the door like penned sheep. Their ammunition was exhaused, and none dared to cross the hidous barrier that now was between them and the terrible cuirassier.

All this took about half the time to act that it does to tell. I was hesitating whether to descend or to stay where my duty called me—near my wife. Fritz knelt behind me, silent and motionless; he had got his orders to stay by me to the last; but the sturdy keeper rose to his feet.

"Faix," he said, "I'm but a poor hand at the swording, but I must help my master, anyhow;" and he began to climb over the breastwork. The colonel's quick glance caught the movement, and his brief imperious tones rang over the hubbub of voices loud and clear.

"Don't stir, Connell; stay where you are. I can finish with these hounds alone."

As he spoke, he dashed in upon them with lowered head and uplifted sword.

I don't wonder that they all recoiled; his whole face and form were fearfully transfigured; every hair in his bushy beard was bristling with rage, and the incarnate devil of murder was gleaming redly in his eyes.

Just then there was a wild cry from without, answered by a shriek from my wife, who had been quiet till now. At first I thought that some fellows had scaled the windows; but I soon distinguished the accents of a great joy. My poor Kate! She had roughed it in barracks too long not to know the rattle of the steel scabbards.

When the dragoons came up at a hard gallop, there was nothing left in the courtyard but the dead and dying. Mohun had followed the flyers to get a last stroke at the hindmost. We clambered down into the hall, and, just as we reached the door, we saw a miserable cripple being clinging round his knees, crying for quarter. Poor wretch! he might as well have asked it from a famished jungle-tiger. The arm that had fallen so often that night, and never in vain, came down once more; the piteous appeal ended in a death-yell, and, as we reached him, Mohun was wiping coolly his dripping sabre; it had no more work to do.

I could not help shuddering as I took his offered hand, and I saw Connell tremble for the first time as he made the sign of the cross.

The dragoons were returning from the pursuit; they had only made two prisoners; the darkness and broken ground prevented their doing more. Ralph went up to the officer in command.

"How very good of you to come yourself, Harding, when I only asked you for a troop. Come in; you shall have some supper in half an hour, and Fritz will take care of your men. Throw all that carrion out," he went on, as we entered the hall, strewed with corpse. "We'll give them a truce to take up their dead."

Clontarf came to meet us; he had only been stunned and bruised by the fall. His pale face flushed up as he said: "I shall never forget that I have to thank you for my life."

"It's not worth mentioning," Mohun replied, carelessly. "I hope you are not much the worse for the tumble Gad! it was a near thing, though. The quarryman's arms were a rough necklace."

At that moment they were carrying by the disfigured remains of the dead Colossus. His slayer stopped them, and bent over the hideous face with a grim satisfaction.

"My good friend Delaney," he muttered, "you will own that I have kept my word. If ever we meet again, I think I shall know you. *Au revoir!*" and he passed on.

I need not go through the congratulatory scene, nor describe how Kate blushed as they complimented her on her nerve. Fortunately for her she had seen nothing, though she had heard all. Just as we were sitting down to supper, which Fritz prepared with his usual stolid coolness, and when Kate was about to leave us, for she needed rest, we remarked the attorney hovering about us with an exultation on his face yet more servile and repulsive than its late abject terror.

"Mrs. Carew," said Mohun, "if you have quite done with your *protege*, I think we'll send him down stairs. Give him something to eat, Fritz—not with the soldiers, though; and let some one take him home as soon as it's light. If you say one word, sir, I'll have you turned out *now*."

Mr. Kelly crept out of the room, almost as frightened as he had been two hours before.

The supper was more cheerful than the dinner, though there was a certain constraint on the party, who were not all so seasoned as their host. *He* was in unusual spirits; so much so that Clontarf confided to a cornet, his particular friend, that "it was a pity the colonel could not have such a bear-fight once a fortnight, it put him into such a charming humor."

We had nearly finished, when, from the road outside, there came a prolonged, ear-piercing wail, that made the window-panes tremble. I have never heard any earthly sound at once so expressive of utter despair, and appealing to heaven or hell for vengeance.

We all started, and set down our glasses; but Mohun finished his slowly, savoring like a connoisseur the rich Burgundy.

"It was the wild Irish women weeping over their dead," he remarked, with perfect unconcern. "They'll have more to howl for before I have done with them. I shall go round with the police to-morrow and pick up the stragglers. Your men are too good for such work, Harding. There are several too hard hit to go far, and my hand-writing it pretty legible."

The stout soldier to whom he spoke bent his head in assent, but with rather a queer expression on his honest face.

"Gad!" he said, "you do your work cleanly, Mohun."

"It's the best way, and the shortest in the end," was the reply; and so the matter dropped.

The dragroons left us before daybreak; their protection was not needed; we were as safe as in the Tower of London. The next morning, while I was sleeping heavily, Ralph was in the saddle scouring the country, with what success the next assizes could tell.

I go there again this winter for the cock-shooting, but I don't much think Kate will accompany me.

THE FERRET AND THE POLE-CAT.

A SPORTSMAN one fine afternoon in autumn, hastened to an extensive wood, amidst the high mountains of Wales, which was well stocked with rabbit burrows, and having bagged two couple, which he brought out by his ferret, he sat down to enjoy the beauteous scenery about him. His ferret was as he imagined, safely tied up in his bag, not far from his side; but the busy rogue had made his way out, and he just caught a glimpse of his tail as he entered a fresh burrow, and disappeared. He waited some time in the hope of seeing a rabbit, stamed on the ground, and hallooed in the holes to disturb him, but in vain. At length he applied his ear, to listen, and, after remaining some time in this position, he heard a faint noise—it resembled the squeak of a ferret. He was all astonishment, and could not account for it; he listened again—the noise grew louder, and as if coming from more than one animal. Presently the ferret's tail was observed, and soon after he was seen struggling to bring something out of the burrow. The ferrit dragging his prize to the mouth of the hole, and then he was found closely interlocked with a male pole-cat; they had fastened like bull dogs on each other's necks. The pole-cat when he saw the sportsman, did not quit his hold, but redoubled his efforts, and dragged the ferret back into the earth, and the squeaking was resumed. The ferrit soon again drew his apponent to the mouth of the hole. The pole-cat again rallied; kept his hold fast, and the belligerent parties once more disappeared. Some time elapsed before either ferrit or pole-cat was seen or heard of; but at length the ferret, a third time, lugged out his adversary with increased vigor. He brought him to the mouth of the hole; a desperate struggle ensued, and just as the pole-cat was expected to be defeated, the ferret quite exhausted relinquished the combat, and came hoping towards his master, considerably mangled about the throat. His enemy did not dare to follw him, but stood deliberately snuffing up the air. The sportsman took aim at him, but strange to tell the gun missed fire five or six times, and the pole-cat escaped into the earth, foiling both auxiliaries, the ferret and gun. The ferret's defeat is attributed to the inevitable loss of vigor which every animal must suffer when confined under the dominion of man, and restrained from those habits of invariable instinct which in their natural state produce in them the greatest height of perfection.

COLLECTING A BILL BY LAW.

SHOWING HOW CUTAWAY GOT CAUGHT.

OLD BEN. FRANKLIN said it was his opinion that, between imprisonment and being at large in debt to your neighbor, there was no *difference* worthy the name of it. Some people have a monstrous slight of courage in debt, more than they have out of it, while we have known some, who, though not afraid to stand fire or water, shook in their very boots—wilted right down, before the frown of a creditor! A man that can *dun* to death, or stand a deadly *dun*, possesses talents no Christian need envy; for, next to Lucifer, we look upon the confirmed "diddler" and professional *dun*, for every ignoble trait in the character of mankind. A friend at our elbow has just possessed us of some facts so mirth-provoking, (to us, not to him,) that we jot them down for the amusement and information of suffering mankind and the rest of creation, who now and then get into a scrimmage with rogues, lawyers and law. And perhaps it may be as well to let the *indefatigable* tell his own story:

"You see, Cutaway dealt with me, and though he knew I was dead set against *crediting* anybody, he would insist, and did—get into my books. I let it run along until the amount reached sixty dollars, and Cutaway, instead of stopping off and paying me up, went in deeper! Getting in debt seemed to make him desperate, reckless! One day he came in when I was out; he and his wife looked around, and, by George! they selected a handsome tea-set, worth twenty dollars, and my fool clerk sends it home.

"'Tell him to *charge it!*' says Cutaway, to the boy who took the china home; and I did charge it.

"The upshot of the business was, I found out that Cutaway was a confirmed *diddler;* he got all he wanted, when and where he could, upon the 'charge it' principle, and had become so callous to duns, that his moral compunctions were as tough as sole leather—bullet-proof.

"I was vexed, I was *mad*, I determined to break one of my 'fixed principles,' and *go to law;* have my money, goods, or a row! I goes to a lawer, states my case, gave him a fee and told him to go to work.

"Cutaway, of course, received a polite invitation to step up to Van Nickem's office and learn something to his advantage; and he attended. A few days afterwards I dropped in.

"'Your man's been here,' says Van Nickem, smilingly.

"'Has, eh? Well, what's he done?' said I.

"'O, he acknowledges the *debt*, says he thinks you are rather hurrying up the buiscuits, and thinks you might have sent the bill to him instead of giving it to me for collection,' says the lawyer.

"'Send it to him!' says I. 'Why I sent it fifty times;—sent my clerk until he got ashamed of going, and my boy went so often that his boots got into such a way of *going* to Cutaway's shop, that he had to change them with his brother, *when he was going any where else!*'

"'He appears to be a clever sort of a fellow,' said Van.

"'He *is*,' said I, 'the cleverest, most perfectly-at-home *diddler* in town.'

"'Well,' said Van Nickem, 'Cutaway acknowledges the debt, says he's rather straightened just now, but if you'll give him a little more *time*, he'll fork up every cent; so if I were you, I'd wait a little and see.'

"Well, I did wait. I didn't want to appear more eager for law than a lawyer, so I waited—three months. At the end of that time, early one Saturday morning, in came Cutaway. 'Aha!' says I, 'you are going to *fork* now, at last; it's well you come, for I'd been *down* on you on Monday, bright and early!'"

"You didn't say that to him, did you?" we observed.

"O, bless you, *no*. I said *that* to *myself*, but I met *him* with a smile, and a 'how d'ye do, Cutaway?' and in my excitement at the prospect of receiving the $80, which I then wanted the worst kind, I shook hands with him, asked how his family was, and got as familiar and jocular with him as though he was the most cherished friend I had in the world! Well, now what do you suppose was the result of that interview with Cutaway?"

"Paid you a portion, or all of your bill against him, we suppose," was our response.

"Not by a long shot; with the coolness of a pirate he asked me to credit him for a handsome wine-tray, a dozen cut goblets and glasses, and a pair of decanters; he expected some friends from New York that evening, was going to give them a 'set out' at his house, and one of the guests, in consideration of former favors rendered by him, was pledged—being a man of wealth—to loan him enough funds to pay his debts, and take up a mortgage on his residence."

"You laughed at his impudence, and kicked him out into the street?" said we.

"I hope I may be hung if I didn't let him have the goods, and he took them home with him, swearing by all that was good and bad, he would settle with me early the following Monday morning. I saw no more of *him* for two weeks! I went to Van Nickem's, he laughed at me. The bill was now $100. I was raging. I told Van Nickem I'd have my money out of Cutaway, or I'd advertize him for a villain, swindler, and scoundrel."

"'He'd sue you for libel, and obtain damages,' said Van.

"'Then I'll horsewhip him, sir, within an inch of his life, in the open street!' said I, in a heat.

"'You might *rue* that,' said Van. 'He'd sue you for an assault, and give you trouble and expense.'

"'Then I suppose I can do nothing, eh?—the *law* being *made* for the benefit of such villains!'

"'We will arrest him,' said Van.

"'Well, then what?' said I.

"'We will haul him up to the bull ring, we will have the money, attach his property, goods or chattles, or clap him in jail, sir!' said Van Nickem, with an air of determination.

"I felt relieved; the hope of putting the rascal in jail, I confess, was dearer to me than the $100. I told Van to go it, give the rascal jessy, and Van did; but after three weeks' vexatious litigation, Cutaway went to jail, swore out, and, to my mortification, I learned that he had been through that sort of process so often that, like the old woman's skinned eels, he was used to it, and rather liked the sensation than otherwise! Well, saddled with the costs, foiled, gouged, swindled, and laughed at, you may fancy my feelings, as Yellow Plush remarks."

"So you lost the $100—got whipped, eh?" we remarked.

"No, *sir*," said our litigious friend. "I cornered him, I got old Cutaway in a tight place at last, and that's the pith of the transaction. Cutaway, having swindled and shaved about half the community with whom he had any transactions,—got his affairs all fixed smooth and quiet, and with his family was off for California. I got wind of it,—Van Nickem and I had a conference.

"'We'll have him,' says Van. 'Find out what time he sails, where the vessel is, &c.; lay back until a few hours before the vessel is to cut loose, then go down, get the fellow ashore if you can, talk to him, soft soap him, ask him if he won't pay if he has luck in California, &c., and so on, and when you've got him a hundred yards from the vessel, knock him down, pummel him well; I'll have an officer ready to arrest both of you for breach of the peace; when you are brought up, I'll have a *charge* made out against Cutaway for something or other, and if he don't fork out and clear, I'm mistaken,' said Van. I followed his advice to the letter; I pummelled Cutaway well; we were taken up and fined, and Cutaway was in a great hurry to say but little and get off. But Van and the *writ* appeared. Cutaway looked streaked—he was alarmed. In two hours' time he disgorged not only my bill, but a bill of forty dollars costs! He then cut for the ship, the meanest looking white man you ever saw!"

If Mr. Cutaway don't take the *force* of that moral, *salt* won't save him.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

ZATRIKIOLOGICAL MISCELLANY.

A NATIONAL CHESS PICTURE.—We take the liveliest pleasure in calling he particular attention of every American amateur who loves the name and fame of American chess-players, to the following Circular:

THE FIRST AMERICAN CHESS CONGRESS.

Held in New York, Nov. 1857.

We beg to inform the chess playing community, and all others interested in that noble and scientific game, that there will shortly be published a Lithographic Picture embracing likenesses of about twenty of the most eminent Chess Players in the United States—the same being an exact copy of the group as arranged and Photographed by Mr. Brady, of New York.

In the foreground are represented the figures of Messrs. Morphy and Paulsen in the act of playing their memorable match, with Judge Meek, of Alabama, as Arbitrator; and the rear is made up of leading Chess Players watching with intense interest the progress of the game.

No expense or pains will be spared in order to insure the Picture being in every respect a perfect specimen of artistic skill, with a view of securing to posterity a faithful and lasting Portraiture of that important event in the annals of chess playing.

The dimensions of the Engraving will be 28 by 22 inches.

The price for a single copy, plain, $3. Colored, $5.

Orders for copies may be sent to the Secretaries of the various Chess Clubs throughout the Union, or to the Chess Editor of the CLIPPER, No. 30 Ann street, New York.

THE EDITOR'S STUDENTS' TOURNAMENT.—This little affair, got up to encourage and improve beginners, we are induced to notice again, on account of its complete success. The first round brought out Miss Mary Irish and Mrs. H. Bryant Hazeltine, Messrs. Balch and Bray victors. In the 2d round Mr. Bray has won of Miss Irish, and Mr. Balch stands 2 to Mrs. H.'s 2; drawn, 1.

This will now be closed off in a week or two, when the Editor desires to organize a Tournament of 16, for which 4 valuable prizes (*free*) will be given. Young players, and beginners of both sexess, are cordially invited to join the circle and participate in these interesting matches. 172 West 23d street; evenings, Monday and Wednesday; hours, 7½ to 11½. Students received more privately on Saturday evenings. Terms very favorable.

THE ILLUSTRIRTES FAMILIEN JOURNAL'S PRIZE PROBLEM.—Our readers will remember the 57 move suicide from the above Journal, and have, no doubt, wished often for the solution. We have received the following account of it, though not the solution itself:

In the early part of this year the proprietors of the *Familien Journal* offered a prize of a set of Chess men, or four louis-d'ors, for the solution of the following problem, the maximum number of moves being thrity-six:

WHITE: King at K sq, Rooks at Q Kt 7th, and K R 7th, Bishop at K 4th, Knights at Q 3d and K B 3d, Pawns at K 5th and 6th.

BLACK: King at K sq, Queen at K 2d, Pawn at K 7th (motto), "Per aspera ad astra."

This offer appears to have attracted the attention of a great number of problem composers on the continent, and to have produced a large number of solutions, some of them from men of considerable eminence. The plan of competition was that from the mass the best solutions should be selected, and the solver to whom the prize should fall be then selected by lottery. Seven solutions sent in by the following gentlemen were adjudged as nearly equal in merit:

1. Otto Wulfing, of Elberfeldt.
2. A won Leitner, Burgomaster of Tessin, Mecklenburgh.
3. Franz Luppi, Modena.
4. Advocate Richard Beuthner, of Leipsic.
5. Professor Dr. A. Baumgarten and Joseph Plachutta, Innspruck.
6. Ober-Lieutenant Auguste T. de Puchalla, Cronstadt, Transylvania.
7. J. Burgin, Gravenhage, Holland.

The prize fell by lot to Advocate Richard Beuthner, of Leipsic, whose solution was in thirty-four moves, and the proprietors of the journal presented to each of the other six gentlemen a copy of 'Goethe's Reinake Fuchs.' The whole of the seven solutions are described as masterpieces of combination."

This is a striking commentary upon our remarks last week, upon the process of perfecting long problems, as well as upon the attention and interest they invariably excite. In the whole history of the art, we are persuaded, no single problem ever created so much interest as the above—and yet analysis has *shortened it three* moves; for it first came here in 37, as above stated.

STAUNTON ON ANDERSSEN'S LATE REVERSES.—The impression left upon us now, after examining a great many of the games played by Herr Andersen during his late campaign, is that they exhibit not a fine player out of practice, but one *out of heart*. We judge Herr A. to be a very bad uphill player, and one very soon discouraged. Let him begin well, and he fights superbly; but we confidently believe, if he had lost three or four games with any one at the outset on his visit here in '51, the result of that *sejour* would have been as disastrous as the late one. In this respect he presents a notable contrast to two other eminent foreign players of the time, M. St. Amant and Herr Harrwitz. Who can forget the former's indomitable constancy and courage in sustaining a hopeless contest for weeks, and actually playing the last games, assured of defeat, better than the first, when inspired by hopes of victory? And who has forgotten the latter's incredible resolution and endurance in his match with Lowenthal, when, after losing nearly every game, he made a desperate stand at last, and of some twenty games, spread over weeks, never permitted the Hungarian to score a single one? There are qualities in Herr Andersen's game superior to any in the play of these two masters; but in cool, unflinching determination under difficulties either of them would beat him hollow.

CHESS IN DAVENPORT, IOWA.—We have been favored by our Davenport correspondent with the following interesting extract from one of their papers:—

"Through the courtesy of two of its prominent members we visited the new rooms just established by the Chess Club in "Gligg's block.' It was very gratifying to find that so good an idea had been so well carried out, in such a short time after its conception. A place of this sort is just what one needs to refresh his mind, after the vexation of a day's business, and many thanks are due the originators of the scheme. The Club has two good sitting rooms which it has furnished comfortably and suitably for its purpose. A number of tables in both rooms, each supplied with chess men and board, furnish occupation and amusement for the members. All the leading journals of the day are taken by the Association, thus adding the advantage of a reading room to its social benefits. A similar room is fitted up for the Secretary's and Committee's room. We sincerely hope this institution may be continued with the same spirit which it has begun, and we know no reason why it should not. The ancient game of Chess, so ingenious, so beautiful, and so instructive, though from the close attention it requires it has been too much suspended by others more easily understood, possesses a fascination and attraction, when once learned, that is not easily given up."

In addition to this our correspondent informs us that the rooms are always open for Chess, and that they are organizing a tournament of sixteen players. Their officers are James A. Buchanan, Esq., Pres't.; John N. Crawford, Esq., Sec'y.; Wm. Allen, Esq., Treas.; J. M. Adler, M. D., and W. H. F. Gurley, Esq., Executive Committee. There is also a Club organized at Iowa City, with which the Davenport Club are about to contest a match by correspondence.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. B. B., Batavia, N. Y.—We believe your problem to be quite sound; but why not remove some of the lumber, the unsightly Black Pawns on K R 5, and K B 3d, at least? Examine it. Yours was the 2d solution to Problem 91, for which it was amended.

ROY, Albany, N. Y.—Yes, "target" indeed; but never "scared," though occasionly hit, but not unless the shots come from a truer eye and steadier hand than yours. We believe you fully when you say you are "by no means a chess player;" and forewarn you that an improvement of your skill will improve your modesty and lessen your opinion of yourself. Simply then, both your attempts at solutions, over which you feel so "crank," are failures. A *player* (?) who can boast that he "don't knew a gambit," should not attempt to criticise such a problem as our No. 92. As to Enigma 90, we have once acknowledged that a partially blurred 8 looked so much like a 3, as to deceive both us and another experienced proof-reader.

EN PRISE, Newark, N. J.—Thanking is poor pay for your renewed favors; we shall feel bound in honor to resort to something more substantial, if you don't "hold up"—but, nevertheless, don't.

E. S. B., Pittsfield, Mass.—Yes, under the circumstances stated we do approve of your determination, but there are always *two* extremes to every question, and the one of total abstinence, in this case, we earnestly deprecate. The attention necessary to one contribution a month, or so, would always be a decided benefit. Thank you for the games. We do not know S. L.'s precise age, but suppose him about a year older than yourself. You are the only one that has solved Gem No. 9, thus far. Is your solution of 89, after the correction of *a Black P on K B* 3d? No. 90, right; 92, not "by a jug-full."

E. G. W., Jr., Boston, Mass.—Partly right, and partly wrong; see B. W.'s solution.

B. W., Canandaigua, N. Y.—This correspondent and the Editor will clearly have to come to a settlement. Well, then, the Ed. comes into Calissa's high court, our august mistress herself on the bench, pleads guilty, pays costs, and pleads in mitigation of sentence; 1st. Thoroughly convinced that your first note upon Problem No. 90 was wrong, and that you would soon see it, he *did* say so without even looking at it; 2d. Convinced by personal examination that your 2d was right, he said so, and, unable to give every thing in *one* week, you would have seen your solution, just as soon, without the impatience of the 3d note: 3d. Of what earthly use or interest could it be to waste our time and space with criticising an eight move solution to a problem, when you have demonstrated a better one in seven? 4th. You, and two or three other correspondents, appear to have sadly misjudged the relations that exist between the demands of our real business of life upon our time and attention, and Chess, even Chess editing. 5th. The respondent humbly craveth judgment of our gentle goddess.

C. V., (Of what place?)—Thank you for the attention, but the demands upon our time will not admit of our examining positions not directly designed for publication.

CUSHNOC, Augusta, Me.—Enigma 89, we are told, contained a typographical error. Thank you for the good news, and the paper. The book named, is not procurable here. Give us some specimens of his skill.

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA NO. 93.

1..R to K Kt 4 — R to R sq | 2..B to Q B 4, and R mates.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 90.—BY B. W.

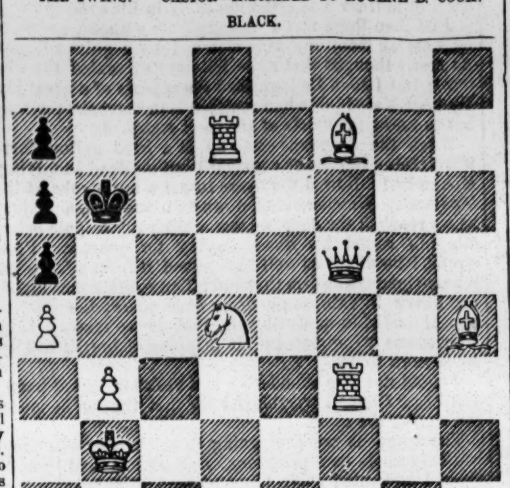
Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..P to K 6	B P × P best	5..Q to K 5 +	K to Kt 5
2..R × P +	K-B 2	6..Q-K 2 +	K-B 4
3..R-K 7 +	K-B 3 (a)	7..R-K B 7, mate.	
4..Q-her 4 +	K-B 4		

(a) If to B sq, mate follows in three more moves, from 4..R to K R 8, dis. ch., &c.

PROBLEM NO. 94.—BY THEO. M. BROWN.

"THE TWINS." CASTOR—INSCRIBED TO EUGENE B. COOK.

BLACK.



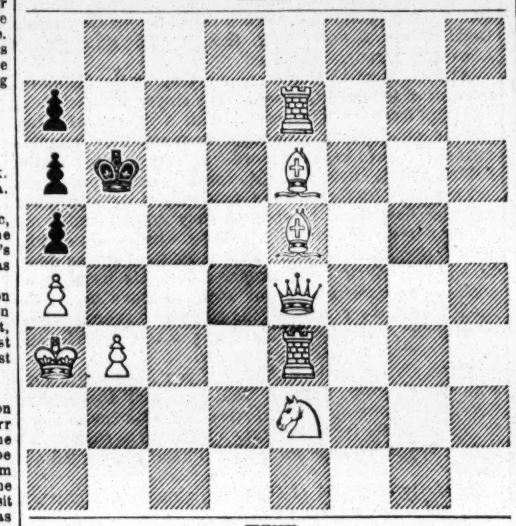
WHITE.

White to play and give mate in *twenty-one* moves with Q Kt P, without taking, or allowing Black to move, a Pawn.

"THE TWINS."—PART SECOND.

POLLUX—INSCRIBED TO E. S. BREWSTER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

Stipulations in all respects the same as part 1st.

GAME NO. 94.

Messrs. P. & T., consulting, vs. Messrs. M. & P.

SCOTCH GAMBIT.

Attack, Messrs. P. & T.	Defence, Messrs. M. & P.	Attack, Messrs. P. & T.	Defence, Messrs. M. & P.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	20..Q to K R 3	K to Q Kt sq
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	21..R-Q R 6 (c)	Q-her B 4 (d)
3..P-Q 4	K P × P	22..Q-her Kt 3	Kt-K R 3
4..K B-Q B 4	K B-Q B 4	23..R-Q B 6	Q-K 4
5..Castles	P-Q 3	24..Kt-Q 2 (e)	R-Q 2
6..P-Q B 3	Q B-K Kt 5	25..P-K B 4	Q-K R 4
7..Q-her 3	Q B × Kt	26..K R-Q R sq	P-K Kt 4 (f)
8..Q × Q B	Kt-K 4	27..Q-Q 5	Kt-K Kt 5 (g)
9..Q-K 2	Q-K 2 (a)	28..R-Q Kt 6 +	K-B 2 (h)
10..K B-Q 3	Castles (b)	29..R-Kt 7 +	K-Q sq
11..P-Q Kt 4	B-Q Kt 3	30..R × R +	K-home (i)
12..P-Q R 4	Kt × B	31..Q-R 8 +	K × R
13..Q × Kt	P-Q B 4	32..R × P +	K-his 3
14..P-Q R 5	B-Q B 2	33..P-K B 5 +	K-his 4
15..P-Q Kt 5	P-Q Kt 3	34..Kt-Q B 4 +	K-B 5
16..B P × Q P	Kt P × R P	35..P-K B 6 +	K-B 6
17..B-Q 2	B P × P	36..R-R 3 +	K-his 7
18..B × P	B × B	37..R-R 2 +	K-Q 6
19..R × B	Q-her B 2	38..R-Q 2 + (k)	Resigns.

(a) Aiming to gain the K P.
(b) Better have brought out K Kt.
(c) R to Q B sq might have done as well.
(d) An exchange of Queens would give the Defence the better game.
(e) Anticipating the attack of adverse Kt and Q.
(f) Lost time.
(g) The Attack are now threatened with an immediate mate, but their next move ensures them the game.
(h) If K to B sq, they would have been mated in two moves.
(i) If K takes R, mate follows in two moves.
(k) Kt to Kt 2 (ch) is speedier.

A TID-BIT.

Between M. Julien and one of our leading players.

SCOTCH GAMBIT.

Attack, M. Julien.	Defence, Strong Player.	Attack, M. Julien.	Defence, Strong Player.
1..P to K 4	P to Q 4	8..P to K 5	P to Q 3
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	9..K R-K sq	Q P × P
3..P-Q 4	K P × P	10..K Kt × P (b)	Q × Q
4..K B-Q B 4	B-Q Kt 5 +	11..B × K B P +	K-his 2
5..P-Q B 3	Q 2d P × P	12..Kt-Kt 6 +	K × K B
6..Castles	B 2d P × P (a)	13..Kt × R, mate.	
7..Q B × P	K B-home *best*		

(a) One step too fast and too far. Compare with this a similar imprudence in defending the Ghulam Kassim attack in the "Muzio," Handbook, p. 300. "I did it just for an experiment to see what would come of it," said the perpetrator in our hearing. Well, having seen "what came of it," we should say it would be a long time before he tries a similar "experiment" on a player of M. Julien's force and spirit.

(b) We challenge the records of Chess to produce us a more entertaining mate than the one which follows.

ENIGMA NO. 94.—BY SOMMERVILLE.

WHITE.—K at Q Kt 4; Q at her B 2; R's at Q B 5, and Q R 2; B at K B 4; and Kt at Q R 4th.

BLACK.—K at Q R sq; Q at home; R's at K B sq, and Q B sq; Kt at Q 3; P's at K 7, Q Kt 2, and Q R 2d.

White to play and mate in four moves.

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN BOSTON AND PHILADELPHIA.

GAME FIRST.—SCOTCH GAMBIT.

White—Boston.	Black—Philadelphia
21..K R takes R	Q takes R
22..Q takes Q	R takes Q
23..Q R to Q B sq,	

And the game is abandoned as drawn.

GAME SECOND—EVANS GAMBIT.

White—Philadelphia.	Black—Boston.
20..P takes Kt	Q B to Q R 3
21..K R to K B 4	Q R to Kt 2
22..P to K Kt 4	R to K Kt 2

BETWEEN X. Y. Z., SENIOR, AND METELLUS.

White—X. Y. Z.	Black—Metellus.
18..Q B to Q R 3	Q to K B 3
19..K R to K 2	P to Q R 4
20..Q to her Kt 3	P to Q Kt 3

BETWEEN X. Y. Z., SENIOR, AND EN PRISE.

Black—X. Y. Z.	White—En Prise.
15..P to Q B 3	Q B to K Kt 5
16..P to Q 5	Q B takes Kt
17..Q P takes Kt	Q B takes K P

BETWEEN LOPEZ AND METELLUS.

Black—Lopez.	White—Metellus.
4..P to K B 4	Kt to K B 3
5..K Kt to B 3	Q to K 2
6..P to Q 3	Q B to K Kt 5

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

☞ We have not received any information from Mr. Drysdale since we published Mr. Drummond's letter. Shall "post" our readers as soon as the conditions reach us.

A CARD.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 1, 1857.

DRAUGHT ED. CLIPPER—*Dear Sir:* In looking over the CLIPPER I saw a move said to come from Drummond, in the Single Corner game at draughts, which he signifies will win for the Black at a certain point in the game. If some of your contributors will be so kind as to show how it is done, they will oblige J. F.

SINGLE CORNER.

Black.		White.		Black.		White.	
1..11	to 15	22	to 18	7..12	to 16	27	to 24
2..15	22	25	18	8.. 8	12	24	19
3.. 8	11	29	25	9..15	24	28	19
4.. 4	8	24	20	10.. 1	6	32	27
5..10	15	26	22 (a)	11..10	14 (c)		
6.. 6	10 (b)	31	26				

NOTES BY J. F.

(a) The point at which the game is said to be lost.
(b) 6 to 10, Drummond's new move to win for Black.
(c) 10 to 14. So far played by Drummond; and here he tells W. to play 19 to 15, and allow B. to win! But *why* not play 21 to 17, and draw, with a good chance of *winning* for White?

A CARD.

LANCASTER, Dec. 17, 1857.

DRAUGHT EDITOR CLIPPER—Some weeks ago, we (the Draught readers) learned that there was to be some great match at Draughts between a Mr. T. of Newark, alias "Nonpariel," and Rough and Ready of Buffalo. Where is "Spectator?" Can't he post us up with the balance of the prospect, or is it to be like the other big affair, all cry and no wool?

As your noted correspondent "Spectator" is considered among the knowing ones to be a somnambulist, should he happen to get into that happy state again, a further development no doubt would be forthcoming.

However, I have learned from good authority that R. and R. has no fear of the "Nonpareil," but would not like "Buffalo" to be divided against itself. (Is this so?)

I claim a hand in this game, from the fact that Mr. T. has expressed his "ideers" on my play, and would add, should he like to be accommodated with a match, a reply through the columns of the CLIPPER shall receive due attention from Yours, &c., KNOW NOTHING.

A CARD.

WINCHESTER, Dec. 18, 1857.

DRAUGHT ED. CLIPPER—*Dear Sir*: Please inform "Know Nothing" that I will play him as he stated. Please pass along your moves, ex-champion. Address R. A. D., Winchester, Mass. AUGUSTUS.

A CARD.

LANCASTER, Dec. 21, 1857.

MR. DRAUGHT EDITOR—*Dear Sir*: I wish to inform the Draught contributors that I do not deserve or desire the credit for those variations on Game No. 88—Single Corner—which "Nemo" has given me. I received the variations from a friend, who assures me they are all to be found in Drummond's work on Draughts. I sent them to "Nemo," per request, not knowing he intended making public use of them.

"Nemo" shows variation 3d to be a *win*; it is a draw, *as played*. He also shows a win at letter E; this is likewise a draw.

Truly yours, UNCLE SAM.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"KNOW NOTHING," Lancaster, N. Y.—Glad to hear from you once more. Mr. Queen forwards the amount for two "of 'em" by mail to-day, viz. $10. We publish your remarks on Nemo's analysis this week.

J. H. H., Greenfield.—Your position is unaccompanied by a solution. Of no use to us.

BOND, Cincinnati, O.—Will compare your analysis with the original and report anon.

"PATRICIUS."—We think your remarks on G. K. Marden's Position (No. 173) altogether "too strong." We have seen just such games occur in actual play. Of course in such cases there is a disparity of force. Your objection that there cannot be five kings and four men on the board at one time, because there are not\men enough to crown them, is rather "rich." By the way, should you have occasion to purchase a set of Draught men, you will find 30 pieces. Your assertion that you "*know enough about* chequers to bother G. K. Marden," is good for what it will "mark." Be careful not to close your eyes when you pull off next time.

UNCLE SAM.—O. K.

G. K. MARDEN, Salem, Mass.—We shall be pleased to receive those pastimes. Other matter all right.

AUGUSTUS, Winchester, Mass.—We publish your letter. Go in and win—if you can.

"NEMO."—Your game on "Defiance" received. Accept our thanks. See "Know Nothing's" remarks this week. Will publish a position all in "good time."

"AMERICAN," of the State of New York, Buffalo.—Game on hand, and shall be examined. Thanks.

"FOO FOO," Albany, N. Y.—We sincerely regret your determination to "bid us farewell," and trust you may change your mind. The position shall appear. Our wish is that you may prosper in all honorable efforts.

E. F. S.—Foo Foo resigns his match with you, on account of business engagements, and names his friend "Dusty," of this city, stating that he is "just his strength." What say you?

SOLUTION OF POSITION NO. 175.

NEW SERIES.

BY "ON THE SQUARE."

White.		Black.		White.		Black.	
1..29	to 25	22	to 29	4..27	to 23	19	to 26
2..30	25	29	22	5..14	9	13	6
3..21	17	22	13	6.. 1	10 and wins.		

SOLUTION OF POSITION NO. 176.

NEW SERIES.

BY "EMULP EDMON."

White.		Black.		White.		Black.	
1..22	to 17	4	to 11	4..28	to 32	1	to 10
2..18	23	19	26	5..27	24	20	27
3..17	14	10	17	6..32	16 and wins.		

GAME NO. 90.—NEW SERIES.

COMMUNICATED BY J. McL.

MARENGO.

Black.		White.		Black.		White.	
1..11	to 15	23	to 19	11..11	to 16 (c)	24	to 19
2.. 9	13 (a)	22	18	12.. 8	11	28	24 (d)
3..15	22	25	18	13..16	20	17	13
4.. 5	9	29	25	14..20	27	13	6
5..10	14	27	23	15.. 2	9	31	24
6.. 8	11	25	22	16..12	16 (e)	19	12
7.. 4	8	19	15	17..10	15	24	20
8.. 6	10 (b)	15	6	18..15	22	23	19
9.. 1	10	22	17	19.. 9	13	32	27
10..13	22	26	17		Black wins.		

(a) Here I think this the strongest move, and I prefer this game.
(b) Variation from the game.
(c) Here it looks bad.
(d) Too eager to complete the victory; intriguing to hem me in; I broke through his centre.
(e) The effect of being too precipitate.

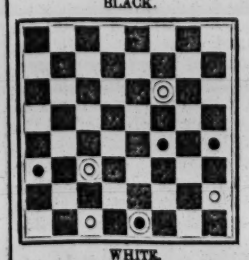
POSITION NO. 177.

NEW SERIES.

By E. Hull.

End-Game.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

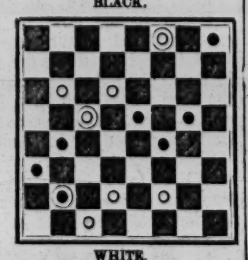
POSITION NO. 178.

NEW SERIES.

By "On the Square."

Dedicated to H. Brayton, Esq.

BLACK.



WHITE.

Black to play and win.

MATCH GAMES

BETWEEN METELLUS AND A. F.

Black—Metellus.		White—A. F.	
9.. 6	9	22	18
10.. 1	6	26	22

MATCH GAME.

Between Foo Foo and E. F. S.

BLACK—E. F. S.

WHITE—Foo Foo.

Black to move.

MATCH GAME.

Between Alonzo and E. F. S.

BLACK—Alonzo.

WHITE—E. F. S.

Black to move.

AMUSEMENTS.

CITY SUMMARY.

A HIGH old day was Christmas, and a high old time was there at almost every place of amusement in the city. Most of the theatres, circuses, halls of minstrelsy, &c., gave day and evening performances, and all were well attended. In the evening there was a regular old fashioned jam, and many a "quarter" was squeezed into a space that would have caused a row at any other time, but as all hands were merry and good natured, the "crush" was relished as a good bit of fun, and the squeeze was submitted to with becoming order and dignity. Several of the lager beer shops got up a sort of theatrical entertainment just suited to the occasion, and the way the Dutch enjoyed the sport and lager was a terror to individuals of weak nerves, and a source of apprehension to the proprietors of these "spout shops." Many persons who would not otherwise, perhaps, have gone into a theatre, "went in" to "get out" of the cold, for the weather was of a questionable character, and strongly reminded one of "Kane's Narrative of a Life in the Arctic Regions." The less said about the performances at the various places of amusement on Christmas day and evening, the better, for they "sorter slight things" during these holiday occasions, and kinder "cut out" a little, so that the dear people may not be kept away from their homes too long.

The "Amphitheatre" is doing moderately well with horse opera, and the "Broadway audiences" seem delighted with the many wonderful feats they behold. On Wednesday evening of last week, while several of the members of the company were leaping over horses, one of the men, after clearing the horses, landed sideways, or in such a position as to bring the whole weight of the body upon one leg, thereby, we fear, causing a fracture of the limb. He was quickly raised by one of the clowns and the ringmaster, and carried away. Another performer was about to make a leap, but the audience expressed their disapproval, and the horses and leapers left the ring. We could not learn the name of the individual who met with the accident, nor the extent of the injuries he sustained. We sincerely trust, however, they may not prove so serious as was anticipated by the audience.

The attractions at Burton's continue unabated, and the brilliant galaxy of talent draws like a bread and milk poultice. Matthews' burlesque on Professor Anderson's "Great Gun Trick" is a hit, and never fails to make its mark. On New Year's Eve brother Brougham takes a benefit at this establishment, when the "galaxy" will be augmented by the assistance of Mr. Charles Walcot, who will appear for "one night only." Although the selection of New Year's Eve for a benefit is not a judicious one, yet the extraordinary bill of attractions offered by Mr. Brougham will doubtless secure for him a crowded house. We hope so, at least.

Laura Keene is progressing with the "Corsican Brothers," and the pantomime of "Harlequin Blue Beard." After the holidays, we may look for something better.

The Bryants have a great programme this week. Dan Bryant sings the pathetic ditty about the 19-year old "saileur boy;" Prendergast, the beautiful ballad of "Gentle Annie;" and Jerry Bryant introduces his highly trained elephant "Shelbark." Of all the places in New York "Bryant's" is the hall for genuine fun, and real enjoyment.

The Italian Opera folks are trying to worry out the season, but the receipts have sadly diminished of late, probably owing to the "countenance of the clergy," who are mostly dead heads on Oratorio nights.

Mr. Sothern is completing a company for the Halifax, N.S., Theatre, soon to be re-opened under Mr. S.'s management.

At Barnum's Museum, they have brought out the legendary spectacle of "Valentine and Orson." It takes very well, especially with the little ones.

The Bowery still holds on to the horse, clown, and elephant business. It is said that on the resumption of the dramatic performances Mr. McKean Buchanan is to take a "hand in." He will "take," there.

An entertainment was given at the Chinese Rooms, on Monday evening last, at which two gold watches were advertised to be given for the best banjo playing and jig dancing. From what we can understand, however, the "word of promise" was all that was heard of the prizes, and much dissatisfaction was accordingly manifested. We have received the following letter from one of the parties who had intended to compete for the prizes. It tells of a "mean caper:"

NEW YORK, Dec. 29, 1857.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CLIPPER—*Sir*: Knowing that you desire to see justice rendered unto whom it is due, will you please to give place to the following in the columns of your valuable paper:

Last night, (Dec. 28) there assembled at the Chinese Assembly Rooms an audience of about five hundred persons, who went there mostly for the purpose of seeing what was put down on the evening's programme, which was the following:—"A Grand Trial of Banjo Playing and Jig Dancing, for 2 gold watches, to take place at the Chinese Rooms, Buckleys old hall, 539 Broadway, on Monday evening, Dec. 28, 1857."

After the first part of the performances was over, a gentleman by the name of Hank Mason made a speech, informing the audience that the reason why Mr. Warren would not dance was because there were no watches to be given. It seems that on Mr. Warren arriving at the rooms in the evening for the purpose of dancing, as he supposed, for the chances of winning one of the watches, he was surprised to hear the person who got up the affair ask him if he (Mr. Warren) would be satisfied to take $20, and renounce all claims to the receiving of either of the watches, which he indignantly refused, on the grounds that it was a complete swindle. He was then informed that he could either take the money or nothing, upon which he requested Mr. Mason to inform the audience of the reason of his absence, and immediately left the rooms. You can see, therefore, that it was no fault of Mr. Warren that he did not dance. Had the prizes been there, Mr. Warren would have competed for them, as he is, and was, ready to dance any man in the United States for $300 or $500.

The second annual fancy dress, civic, and military ball of the J. R. Scott Dramatic Club will be given at the City Assembly Rooms, on the 6th inst.

John Brougham's new and audaciously original histrico-plagiaristic, ante-national, pre-patriotic, and comic-confusion of circumstances, called Columbus el Filibustero, now being performed at Burton's, has just been published by Samuel French, No. 122 Nassau street. It is full of good things, and hits with telling effect.

George Holland, in his new vocation as a minstrel, divides the honors with the other George. What will Daddy Rice say to this innovation of the "old regular?"

Full salaries are now paid at Wallack's, the first of the series being handed over last week. We hope there may be no occasion to fall back again.

Our "Camille" has just made an engagement which promises to be a lasting one. Miss Matilda Heron was married on the 27th inst., to Mr. Robert Stœpel, late conductor of the orchestra at Wallack's Theatre. The lady will reside a short time in this city, when she will start for Paris; so gossip has it arranged already.

Mr. Tryon has disposed of his "legitimate circus" in the Bowery, and his successor is said to be a gentleman of Dutch persuasion. The "show" was suspended for a few days during the settlement of the finances.

Mr. F. M. Kent, comedian, died here on the 25th, and his funeral took place on Sunday last. Mr. K. is said to have belonged to Cincinnati.

The Buckleys have concluded to go in for old style performances again, and drop the "opera" business.

Charley White and his minstrels are playing in Brooklyn.

Mrs. Butler has concluded her series of readings in this city. They have proved remunerative.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

Wheatley, at the Arch Street Theatre, has just revived the spectacular play of "The Last Days of Pompeii."

Adelaide Gougenheim was married recently in Sydney to an Englishman. The sisters had intended to revisit California, but the new duties assumed by Adelaide will prevent it. Her sister Joey remains with her.

That veteran actor, Wm. B. Wood, is a deserved favorite with the Philadelphia people. Yearly he receives a substantial token of their friendship and esteem. This year's testimonial is the liberal sum of one thousand dollars!

Mrs. Hayne and troupe returned to San Francisco on the 30th of November, after a brief engagement at the Forrest theatre, Sacramento, which wound up with a complimentary benefit. At the conclusion of an engagement in San Francisco, it is stated that she will return to the States.

John Sefton, the "Jemmy Twitcher" of other days, is preparing for a starring tour with his daughter, Miss Angela Sefton. "Yel, you ov it?"

In California theatricals were not very brisk. The Pennsylvanians gave concerts at Columbia, Nov. 27 and 28, and at Jackson the two following nights. J. P. Adams appeared at Oroville on the 30th of November, and played there during the week. Miss Albertine was delighting the miners about Rattlesnake Bar and Folsom, Nov. 28 and 30. Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Connor commenced an engagement at Nevada Nov. 26, and closed with a complimentary benefit Dec. 2. The Robinson Family opened the Marysville theatre on the 1st of December, and performed during the week to fair houses. The San Francisco Minstrels gave a benefit to Confidence Engine Company at Placerville. On the 30th of November Mrs. Woodward, F. B. Glover and J. H. Warwick were at Auburn.

New Year's Eve is the time selected for opening the new Music Hall, at Springfield, Mass. Mr. W. M. Fleming will superintend the inauguration ceremonies.

The "Poor of Boston," adapted from the New York swindle, is announced at the National, Boston.

Miss Emma Stanley was meeting with much success in the interior of California. She performed in Jackson, Amador County, on the 2nd

and 3d inst., and drew crowded houses. During her engagement in Marysville, and while personating the school-mistress, two rough-looking hombres, who were coming up the stairs, opened the door of the theatre just as Miss S. called out—"Geography class No. 9 come up here!"—upon hearing which, one of the greenies, turning to his companion, exclaimed: "O, h—l! Joe, this is a school-house—this ain't the place!" and down stairs they went to inquire at the box-office for correct information as to the precise locality of the theatre.

Dan Rice has added an Ethiopian clown to his company. This new feature in the circus business is becoming quite popular.

The last story about Lola Montes and her intended marriage don't go down. It is said that the gentleman selected for the enviable position of attending on Lola has one wife already, and does not wish to get into any further difficulty of that kind at present.

A curious circumstance occurred at the Paris Grand Opera lately: Madame Rosati, the admired *danseuse*, took her benefit in the ballet of La Somnambula, but instead of doing the 'sleep-walking' scene on the roof a house herself, she made an ordinary *figurante* to do it for her. This was perceived by the audience, and drew forth strong marks of disapprobation—a demonstration scarcely ever made against a popular *danseuse*. Poor Rosati was a good deal cut up by it, but she had a good excuse in the fact that in rehearsing the said scene she had a heavy fall, by which she cut and bruised herself a good deal, and might have broken a limb. It would not be much loss, Rosati seems to have argued, if the poor *figurante* had made a *faux pas*, and injured herself by falling. Such is life.

Mr. Thomas A'Beckett, late of the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, was married in that city on the 18th of December, to Mrs. M. E. S. Gratz.

Sanford is getting along famously with his pantomime of "Harlequin Shoemaker and Tailor of Kensington." On New Year's day Mr. Sanford will distribute 5000 lbs. of bread to the poor of Philadelphia.

A rupture having taken place between Ordway and some of his minstrels, the parties have appeared in print, and the newspaper discussion, thus far, is interesting. Ordway, in his last card, says: "During my theatrical and concert seasons the past eight years, I have employed about one hundred and fifty different performers, among which may be mentioned the lamented Hector, Jerry Bryant, G. W. White, M. S. Pike, S. B. Ball, Eph Horn, Tom Briggs, Bije Thayer, Paul Roultz, Sig. Carlo, Donniker, Earl Pierce, Christian Mairs, P. S. Gilmore, and a host of others, with all of whom my dealings were honorable and just. * * * * In less than twenty-four hours from the time [the mutiny broke out] I received a telegram from New York: "You can have Budworth, Christy's celebrated tambourinist, Bowers, and a full company if desired," but as some of my most worthy and faithful men wished to remain, and as there are at the present time enough performers to fill Ordway Hall, who, if introduced to the public, would become favorites, I did not deem it necessary," &c., &c.

The Ethiopian troupe of the Morris Brothers, Pell and Huntley (split from Ordway's,) opened at the Howard, Boston, on the 26th, to a crowded house, and their performances were enthusiastically received. They commence engagements at Horticultural Hall next Monday night.

The Broadway Minstrels are giving some lively performances in the burnt cork line at the Melodeon, Boston. They have large audiences.

Couldock is still at the Pittsburgh Theatre. Cecile Rush, a new candidate for histrionic honors, is also at this theatre.

Mr. C. W. Foster is playing at the National, Boston. Mrs. Farren is at Foster's Gayeties, Pittsburgh, where Mr. Clapp's version of "La Flamina" was produced last week.

THE TURF.

THE CALIFORNIA TURF.

GLENCOE CHIEF AND RHODE ISLAND.—Pioneer Course, November 21st, 1857—Trotting Match for $2000—mile heats, best three in five in harness:

Mr. Crook's g g Glencoe Chief 2 1 2 1 1
Mr. Eoff's s g Rhode Island 1 2 1 2 2
Time, 2:38½; 2:39½; 2:41; 2:41½; 2:42.

Marysville Park, November 26, 1857, running match, $2,000, mile heats, best three in five:

Mr. ——'s Owen Dale, aged 1 1 1
Mr. ——'s Billy Fifer, aged 2 2 2
Time, 2:01½; 2:03; 2:03½.

Pioneer Course, San Francisco, Wednesday, Dec. 2d, 1857, match for $1,000 a side, half forfeit, two miles and repeat, in harness:

Glencoe Chief, g g 1 1
Rhode Island, s g 2 2
Time, 5:47; 5:31.

MATCH AGAINST TIME.—C. S. Ellis has matched his s. h. Santa Anna for $1,000, to go one hundred miles in ten hours; the horse to have the privilege to go as his owner pleases. The trial to be made over the Marysville Park, December 25th. It is extremely doubtful if the horse can accomplish so arduous a feat.

NINE-MILE RACE.—A nine-mile match race for $400 came off on the 17th of November, in Sierra Co., between one James Thomas' roan horse, and Mr. Joy's bay horse Lackee. The horses started from Pope's Ranch, at Plum Valley, at 4 o'clock, 15m., and reached Keystone Saloon, at Smith's Flat, at 4 o'clock, 56m. The bay horse winning the race and money in 41 minutes, beating the roan about 50 feet. The country traveled over was nearly uphill all the way.

LADY ROTAN.—This fine mare, together with light wagon, harness and cover, belonging to Mr. J. Lovett, was raffled for last Saturday evening at Collins', on Commercial street. The highest number thrown was 45, which was purchased by A. Ellis for $400 before the raffle terminated. He proved to be the lucky winner. The mare, wagon and harness was estimated to be worth $1,200.

RACING IN BUTTE COUNTY.—The match for $1000, which came off at Sewell's Ranch on the Honcot on Nov. 21st, is represented to have been quite an exciting and interesting affair. The distance run was 500 yards. The Carson Valley mare and the Clevisfield were the contending nags. The race was well contested, but the former was declared the winner by 22 feet. Clevisfield had the call $100 to $40, and persons from every part of the county came to bet on her. The race was made to turn on eight feet of ground and start the first time. The Carson Valley mare got the start and kept the lead the entire distance. On the same day a race for $50 a side—distance 200 yards—between Bay Billy and Bald Hornet took place, which was won by the former by eight feet. Immediately after the above, a race for $250 a side, between G. Lewis' horse Muggins and Martin and Chambers' mare Emigrant was announced. The mare flew the track after the second jump, and lost the race. Several other Quarter Races took place, which created considerable sport.

RACING AT THE SOUTH.

Fall Meeting of the Mobile (Ala.) Jockey Club.

RACES OVER THE BASCOMBE COURSE.

The fall races over this course commenced on the 14th December, and continued through the week. We have room only for the following summary of the proceedings of the meeting:

FIRST DAY.

Monday, Dec. 14, 1857—Continental Stake for 3 yr olds, colts 86 lbs., fillies 83lbs. Seven subs. at $200 each, h. ft. Mile heats:

Long & Perritt's b. f. Jocossee C., by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Camelita by Bustard 1 1
R. C. Myers & Moore's ch. g. Little Corporal, by Imp. Glencoe dam by Imp. Belshazzar 3 2
A. M. Sprague's b. c. Portland, by Imp. Sovereign, out of Folly by Imp. Glencoe 2 3
Long & Smith's Mobile, by Imp. Sovereign, dam by Pacific .... pd ft
S. M. Hill's b f by Imp. Sovereign, dam by Imp. Albion ..... pd ft
S. M. Hill's b f by Imp. Sovereign, out of Maria Woods by Imp. Yorkshire ..... pd ft
R. C. Myers & Moore's ch f Eliza Alexander, by John Alexander, dam by Wild Bill ..... pd ft
Time, 1:49¼; 1:51¼.

SAME DAY—Proprietor's Purse $100, added to a sweepstakes of $100 each, for all ages, Club weights—3 yr. olds 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124—allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Mile heats, best 3 in 5:

George Morley's b h Bay Prince, by Black Prince, out of Hannah Harris, 6 years 0 2 1 1 1
R. Warrick's b h Achmet, by Prophet, dam by Imp. Priam, 7 years 0 1 2 2 2
Maj. Faulkner's ch f ..... dist.
Time, 1:58; 1:52; 1:55; 1:59; 1:55½.

SECOND DAY.

Tuesday, Dec. 15—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Club weights. Three subs. at $100 each, h. ft., with $100 added by the proprietor. Mile heats:

S. J. Hunter's ch f Kate Jewel, by Wagner, out of Magnolia by Thornhill, out of Mary Thomas 1 1
Myers & Moore's ch f Eliza Alexander, pedigree above 2 2
H. H. Oliver's b f Avis, by Imp. Sovereign, out of Thrush by Imp Leviathan 3 3
Time, 1:57½; 1:49½.

SAME DAY—Jockey Club Purse $300, for all ages, Club weights, Two mile heats:

R. H. Long's ch f Elias Goldsby, by Wagner, dam by Imp. Belshazzar, 4 years 1 1
S. M. Hill's ch f Sallie Woods, by Wagner, out of Maria Woods by Imp. Yorkshire, 4 years 2 2
Campbell & Barton's b n Jack Gamble, by Wagner, dam by Imp. Tranby, 5 years ..... dis.
Time, 3:57; 3:51.

THIRD DAY.

Wednesday, Dec. 16—FIRST RACE—The Comet Stake, for 2 year olds; entrance $100—half forfeit, a single dash for a mile:

S J Hunter's b f —— by imp Sovereign, out of Mary Ogden by Thornhill, (own sister to Odd Stocking) 1
Long & Smith's b c ——, by imp Sovereign, out of Pacific mare 2
E Warwick's b f ——, by Glencoe, out of Sally Shannon 3
H H Oliver's b c ——, by imp Sovereign, out of the dam of Henry Perrett ..... p ft.
Time, 1:54¼.

SAME DAY—Proprietor's Purse, $100. Single dash of two miles:

Campbell & Burton's b h Jack Gamble, by Wagner, dam by Tranby, 5 yrs old, 110 lbs 1
S M Hill's r h Carry Bell, by Wagner, dam by imp Hedgford, 5 yrs old, 110 lbs 2
Time, 3:51¼.

FOURTH DAY.

Thursday, Dec. 17—Jockey Club Purse $500—three mile heats:

R H Long's ch h Red Jacket, by Wagner out of La Reine, by imp Trustee, 4 yrs old, 100 lbs 1 1
Campbell & Co.'s ch m Laura Spillman by Wagner out of Glavina, 5 yrs old, 107 lbs 2 2
Myers & Co.'s ch g John Aiken, by imp Yorkshire out of Minstrel, by Medoc, 5 yrs old, 107 lbs 3 3
Time, 5:57¼; 5:57½

FIFTH DAY.

Friday, Dec. 18—The Flyer's Stakes—2 mile heats—entrance $300—forfeit $100—eight entries—five forfeits—value of stake $1100.

Long & Smith's b c Mobile, by imp Sovereign dam by Pacific—own brother to Belle Keye 1 1
S M Sprague's b c Portland, by imp Sovereign, out of Folly, by Glencoe 3 2
Myers and Moore's b g Little Corporal, by imp Glencoe, out of Belshazzar mare 2 3
R M Hill's b g by Sovereign out of Tulip ..... p f
" b f by " out of Maria Woods ..... p f
Long and Perret's b f by Glencoe dam Buster ..... p f
J Emiley's b f by Voucher, dam by George Martin ..... p f
Time, 3:53¼, 3:59.

SAME DAY—Jockey Club Purse $250—mile heats—best 3 in 5:

Campbell and Barton's b h Jack Gamble, by Wagner, dam by Tranby, 5 yrs old, 110 lbs 2 1 1 1
R H Long's ch f Eliza Goldsby, by Wagner, dam by Belshazzar, 4 yrs old, 97 lbs 1 2 2 2
S M Hills' ch f Sally Woods, by Wagner, out of Maria Woods, 4 yrs old, 97 lbs 3 3 3 3
Myers and Moore's ch f Eliza Alexander, by John Alexander, 3 yrs old 4 4 4 4
Time, 2:04, 1:57¼, 1:56, 1:51¼.

SIXTH, AND LAST DAY.

Saturday, Dec. 19—The sixth and last day of this meeting over the Bascombe Course took place yesterday. The sport offered was an "extra" race, which seems to have resulted in much disappointment to those with whom the engagement commenced; for while the two rivals were watching each rather too closely, the introduced friend slipped by and carried of the prize.

Bascombe Course—SIXTH DAY—Sweepstakes—mile heats, best 3 in 5: entrance $100—half forfeit—to carry 100 lbs. each:

S M Hill's r h Carey Bell, by Wagner, out of a Hedgford mare. 1 1 1
G Morley's b h Bay Prince, by Black Prince, out of Fanny Harris 3 2 2
F Scruggs's b h Achmet, by Prophet, out of a Priam mare 2 3 2
Time, 1:54¼, 1:53½, 1 52½.

EXCITING RACE IN AUSTRALIA.—From the Sydney *Era* we learn the result of three important matches, which took place at Melbourne, on the 4th October, and excited great interest among the inhabitants of that colony, it being estimated that from 15,000 to 20,000 persons were present to witness them. The first was a match for the Championship of the Victoria vs. New South Wales Turf and £2,000, 10st 11lb each, three miles, between Mr. G. T. Rowe's chestnut gelding Veno, by Waverley out of Peri, aged (Higgerson,) and Mr. Chirnside's grey mare Alice Hawthorn, by Delapre out of a half bred Arab mare, aged (Mahon.) The betting at starting was 6 to 4 on Veno, who made nearly all the running, and won easily by two lenghts—the palm being thereby awarded to New South Wales. The race was run in 6min 12sec. The second Match was for £400, between Mr. G. T. Rowe's bay horse Cooramin, aged (Higgerson,) and Mr. Fraser's bay gelding Tomboy, aged (Mitchell.) Betting: 6 to 4 on Cooramin, who won, after a slashing race, by a head. Run in 3min 1sec. The third match was £500 to £300, 10st 11lb each, three miles, between Mr. G. T. Rowe's chesnut gelding Veno, aged (Higgerson,) and Mr. Fraser's bay gelding Van Tromp (Mahon.) Betting: 4 to 1 on Veno, who won easily by two lengths. The pace was very severe, the race being run in 7 seconds less time than the match for the championship.

CANINE.

SPRING'S CHALLENGE.—A correspondent, signing himself Jas. Thornton, says he called at the place designated to make a match with the owner of the dog Spring, but they could'nt come to terms. Perhaps this may be the case, but, as Horace Greeley would say, "the matter seems involved in some mystery."

FIGHT IN SALEM.—A battle took place in Salem, Mass., one day during the past week between Barney Ford's dog Jack, and Wm. Casey's Noble. Jack won in 21 minutes.

CHALLENGE.—I will fight my dog Jack, twenty-six pounds weight; against Thomas Chaffer's brindle dog Ben, for $50, or a $100 a side, give or take a pound; to fight in New York in four weeks from the first deposit. As there has been a great talk about Chaffer's Ben, I offer this as an opening to prove what the dog is.

JOHN COLLINS, 31 Hamilton street, N. Y.

N. B.—I will either call upon Mr. Chaffers at his own house, or Mr. Chaffers can call at my house, 31 Hamilton street, N. Y.

P. S.—A match has since been made.

BOULTON AND CRIB.—A match has been made between J. McMahon's dog Boulton, 19½ lbs. and Charles Patterson's dog Crib, same weight, for $100 a side. The fight to take place at Jacob Roome's, 140 Church street, on the 7th of January.

CANINE SPORTERS.—The celebrated dog Tanner has just arrived from Philadelphia. Those who wish to see a fighting dog, 31 pounds weight, will do well to call at the Sociable, 31 Roosevelt street.

JOHN MARRIOTT.

GAME OF BAGATELLE.—A great game at Bagatelle took place at the house of Messrs. Eckstein and Fowler, corner 7th and Poplar streets, Philadelphia, on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, 29th, and 30th ult., for a magnificent silver goblet, valued at $30; on which occasion there were forty persons entered. We give a few of the best rolls down; ten to the game. The following is the result as made:

Branson	9:56	Van Ashton	9:60
Eckstein	9:50	George Branson	10:40
Walton	9:61	Jno. Ashton	9:60

These are the best rolls given, and Mr. Branson making the most was duly awarded the goblet, which was presented by Mr. Eckstein in a few brief remarks.

A match of the same kind will take place at the above named house, for a gold watch valued at $75, commencing on Monday evening next at 8 o'clock. A match will also come off at the houses of Messrs. Blair, and Eckstein and Fowler, the former, corner 12th and Parrish, and the latter corner of 7th and Poplar, for a purse of $30; fifteen to be played at the former place, and the same amount at the latter.

CRICKET.

AVERAGES OF THE PHILADELPHIA CRICKET CLUB FOR 1857.—This club seems to have done wonders on the tented field during the season, and for a club, their exhibition of averages is most excellent. Barlow, it will be seen, takes the lead in batting; the same fortune also attended him in 1856. Senior's is also good and shows that he is at home with the willow. The figures in bowling give evidence that that branch of the game receives its share of attention, Dudson taking the lead. Friend "Felix," to whom we are indebted for these statistics, is of opinion that Senior's, with his outside of the club matches included, will excel anything yet published. They will appear in the CLIPPER shortly. We are pleased to observe the attention that is paid to this beautiful game in the Friendly City; the number of clubs in existence, and matches played in that vicinity abundantly prove that their taste for amusements is of the right stamp, and such as will assuredly promote the health and prosperity of those who take part therein. With these remarks, we submit the following figures for the perusal of our readers.

BATSMEN'S AVERAGES.

Names.	Matches.	Innings.	Runs.	Averages. Over.	Times not out.	Highest Score in one Innings.	Highest in Match.
Barlow	8	11	180	16-4	1	42	59
Senior	7	13	178	13-9	2	43	50
Collis	6	9	81	9-0	0	27	30
Sharratt	5	8	73	8-9	1	22	25
Wistar, J.	3	6	53	8-5	1	17	19
Facon	5	8	64	8-0	0	25	25
Richardson	4	7	52	7-3	1	27	32
Baines	5	9	64	7-1	1	21	26
Howe	9	16	105	6-9	0	42	42
Wistar, R	7	12	79	6-7	0	24	26
Barclay	7	11	72	6-6	1	23	29
Newhall	6	12	76	6-4	0	15	21
Hawthorne	5	10	47	4-7	0	16	22
Hall	8	16	53	3-5	3	14	17
Kuhn	8	13	46	3-7	1	12	12
Dudson	4	8	29	3-5	0	13	26
Johnson	9	16	49	3-1	1	16	18
Holland	2	3	10	3-1	0	4	8
Bradshaw	4	6	16	2-4	0	8	8
Sergeant	1	5	10	2-0	0	4	7
Norris	1	2	3	1-1	0	2	3
Shields	1	1	1	1-0	1	1	1
Dusenbury	5	7	7	1-0	0	2	3
Wistar, W	3	5	5	1-0	1	5	5

BOWLERS' AVERAGES.

Names.	Innings Bowled in.	Balls Bowled.	Overs.	Runs made from.	Maiden Overs.	Wickets.	Average Number of Runs from each Over.	Average Balls Bowled for each Wicket.	Average Number of Runs obtained for each Wicket.	Wide Balls.	No Balls.	Average Wicket per In-Over.
Collis	385	96	94	21	20	0-94	19-5	4-14	..	..	....
Dudson	423	108	77	27	20	0-77	16-1	3-17	..	..	....
*Senior	653	163	126	70	29	0-126	22-15	4-10	..	..	....
Johnson	260	65	46	14	9	0-46	26-7	4-10	..	..	....
Barlow	283	70	98	7	6	1-23	47-1	6-3	..	..	....
Facon	214	53	88	5	13	1-35	16-6	6-10	..	..	....

* These figures do not include his Canada and Professional vs. Non-Professional matches, etc, in New York.

THROWING THE CRICKET BALL.—UTICA, Dec. 26, 1857.—FRANK QUEEN, Esq.—*Dear Sir:* In the "PICTORIAL CLIPPER," just issued, I notice a statement that the greatest distance a cricket ball has been thrown in this country, is, 100 yards, by Phelps, of Utica. This is a mistake; I have seen, on three separate occasions, the same person (Phelps,) throw a cricket ball, 105, 107, and 108 yards; the distance in each instance was measured by myself. Respectfully yours, GEO. RALPH,
President, Utica C. C.

[We should have been pleased if Mr. Ralph had furnished us this information a little earlier, as it was our desire to have our record strictly correct. However, our readers will please make the correction.—ED. CLIP.]

LATER SPORTS ABROAD.

From London Sporting Journals, to December 13.

THE RING.

The Championship.

TOM SAYERS AND BILL BENJAMIN.—Another deposit of £20 a side for this event was duly accounted for at Dan Dismore's, on the 9th.

SAYERS AND PADDOCK.—A friend of Sayers has sent us an additional £10 for this match. The men have agreed to meet at Alec Keene's, on the 18th, to draw articles and increase the stakes to £25 a side. The match to be for £200 a side, unless Paddock wishes to make it for more money, which Sayers' friends requests us to say they are prepared to do.

FIGHT FOR TUESDAY NEXT.—TWEDDLE AND NORTHUMBERLAND BILL FOR £90.—These Newcastle men fight in the London Ring, on Tuesday, the latter's taking £50 to £40. They fight catch weight; and in this respect, as as well as in height, Tweddle will have the advantage. They will fight at the same spot as Ingram and Robinson, which will not be divulged until the last moment.

ANOTHER.—INGRAM AND ROBINSON, £25 A SIDE.—These lads fight at £8st. 10lb., on Tuesday, at the same place as the above, but in a separate ring, as it would be impossible to finish both affairs before dark if in the same ring.

A STUNNING MILL took place near Bristol on Thursday, between Jack Gillingham, (the Bridgwater Champion,) and Young Millard of Bristol, (Leighton's Novice.) It was an off-hand match, for £4 a side, and after 19 rounds had been gallantly contested in 88 minutes, Gillingham was obliged to succumb to his more youthful opponent, who came off the winner with scarcely a scratch.

ANOTHER.—A merry mill came off on Monday last, between Young Skidmore and Young North, for £5 a side, at Amblecote, near Brierly Hill. After fighting 2 hours and 20 minutes, Skidmore was declared the winner in 75 rounds.

MATCH BETWEEN JOHNNY WALKER AND TRAVERS.—Johnny Walker and Bob Travers have staked £1 a side to fight for £200 a side, in six months. They are to meet at Nat Langham's, Cambrian, Castle street, on the 17th instant, to draw articles and increase the stake to £5 a side.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.—The season of festivities is upon us, and general enjoyment is the order of the day. Where great suffering was a short time since so confidently anticipated, the realization, we are happy to say, has proved the seers to be false prophets, and those who prepared for the worst, have the great satisfaction of knowing that the times are infinitely better than they had looked for. Instead of gloomy faces, we see many smiling ones, and lads and lasses are brim full of hilarity. In this connection we might state that Dr. Gouraud has had an unusual demand for his excellent cosmetics, and his Poudres Subtile, for uprooting superfluous hair, has gone off with a rush; so also has his Italian Medicated Soap, for removing pimples, freckles, blotches, &c., from the skin; likewise his Hair Dye, which acts with magic celerity in changing "fancy colored hair" to a beautiful brown or jet black. All of these, with a great variety of other equally useful cosmetics and superior perfumery, may be had of Dr. Gouraud, 67 Walker street, first store from Broadway; of T. R. Callendar, 88 South Third street, Philadelphia, and of J. Bates, 129 Washington street, Boston.

BRYANTS' MINSTRELS,
MECHANICS' HALL, 472 BROADWAY, ABOVE GRAND STREET,
Open every night during the week.
THE CELEBRATED AND ORIGINAL
BRYANTS' MINSTRELS,
COMPRISING THIRTEEN TALENTED PERFORMERS
Introducing a new variety of
SONGS, DANCES, BURLESQUE SAYINGS,
SHAKSPERIAN READINGS, HORSE COMBAT,
SAW DUST ACROBATS, CHALLENGE DANCE,
ESSENCE OF OLD VIRGINNY, &c., &c.
JERRY, NEIL, AND DAN BRYANT
In a variety of Comicalities.
Doors open at 7—Concert commence at 8. Admission 25 cents. 6

TALK OF 3-CARD MONTE, THIMBLE RIG, PATENT SAFE, AND all of those games, they can't be compared with the inimitable Arkansas Trick Cards, now being introduced throughout the North, by HURDIS YELL, of Springfield, Mass. Send him a quarter, and get a pack; or $2, and get a dozen packs. 11-37

MARKED CARDS, WEDGE STRIPPERS and STRAIGHT STRIPPERS, $1 per single pack; $8 per dozen, and $65 per gross. Marked Strippers, containing all the advantages of Marked Cards and Strippers, $1.50 per single pack, $12 per dozen, and $110 per gross.
37-1t HURDIS YELL, Springfield, Mass.

SEND 25 CENTS TO HURDIS YELL, SPRINGFIELD, MASS., AND get his full and complete instructions for winning at all the popular games with Cards, &c., as advertised in the New York CLIPPER of Dec. 5 and 26. 11-37

"HOW TO WIN AT CARDS"
SEND YOUR ADDRESS AND THREE RED STAMPS TO GUSTAVUS M. HOWARD, Boston Post Office, and he will inform you of a sure method of winning at all the various games. 41-37

P. HEALY & CO.,
NO. 50 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA,
Manufacturers of 31-6m
BOXING, SWORD, AND CRICKET GLOVES.

PAPER. PAPER. PAPER.
THE LARGEST STOCK OF BOOK, NEWS AND WRAPPING PAPERS in the city.
STRAW BOARDS and STRAW PAPERS for Shipping
CANDLE-WICK and CAP WASTE.
29 BEEBE, HALL & SANDS, 27 Beekman street.

JIM FARRISH
BEGS TO INFORM HIS NUMEROUS FRIENDS AND THE PUBLIC IN general, not forgetting the Sporting community, that he is always on hand at the old house,
"THE PACIFIC,"
489 WASHINGTON STREET, (opposite Spring-street Market.)
Free Lunch every day from 10 to 12 o'clock.
Chowder served up every Saturday evening, from 7 to 12 o'clock.
☞ Don't forget to give Jim a call. 38

GAME FOWLS FOR SALE.
SARGENT, IRISH, MEXICAN, SEFTON, COUNTERFEIT, NATIVE, Spanish, Sumatra, Earl Derbys; also, five pairs silver laced Sebright Bantams, three pairs Pheasant Bantams, six pairs white silkey fowls of Japan, six pairs pouter Pigeons, three pairs white Guinea Fowls, three pairs white Turkeys. Address
34 JONATHAN DORWART, Lancaster City, Pa.

METROPOLITAN HOTEL.
CORNER OF BRIDGE AND JOHN STREETS, BROOKLYN.—HARRY GRIBBIN begs most respectfully to inform his numerous friends in Brooklyn and New York, that he has taken and entered upon the above Hotel, where he will always have on hand a choice and excellent assortment of the best Wines, Spirits, and Malt Liquors, together with the finest brands of Cigars. His house is immediately contiguous to the Roosevelt Ferry, and he will at all times be glad to see his old friends and supporters at the above place.
The CLIPPER and *Bell's Life* kept on file. 3 mos.-34

GAME FOR SALE.
THE SUBSCRIBER HAS ON HAND, AND OFFERS FOR SALE A great variety of GAME FOWLS, comprising English, Irish, Sefton, Natives, Sumatras, Wild Indian, Indian, Mountain, and a fine lot of Stags bred from my imported fowls that were imported from Thomas Roscoe, Gamekeeper for the second and late Earl of Derby, in steamship North America. Also one pair of the old ones.
32-1mo. L. B. LEGG, Dover, N. H.

"THE SOCIABLE."
JOHN MARRIOTT RESPECTFULLY INFORMS HIS FRIENDS AND the public generally, that he has just taken the Saloon, No. 31 ROSEVELT STREET, where he will be happy to see them at all times. Dogs trained in the most skilful and experienced manner, on reasonable terms. 32-2mos.

A PHYSICIAN'S LEGACY TO YOUNG MEN.
"The glory of a young man
Is his strength."
From the Sunday Dispatch, New York, Aug. 2d, 1857.
"Our readers are aware that we seldom, if ever, recommend any medical publication, if not endorsed by the very highest authority As such an instance we may mention DR. CULVERWELL'S *new publication on Nervous Debility* and other *weaknesses*, the result of early indiscretion. It is a small but valuable Pamphlet. His preparations, the "REGENERATOR" and "NERVINE," are now considered the sole and only effectual remedies extant for the complaints referred to.
DR. CULVERWELL'S SEMINAL REGENERATOR AND ROYAL NERVINE, the sovereign remedies for Seminal Weakness, Sexual Debility, Impotency, Involuntary Emissions, Piles, &c., are for sale by F. WELLS & Co., 118 Franklin street, New York; and most of the leading Druggists in the country.
DR. C.'S PAMPHLET, as above, containing full advices for the cure of Spermatorrhea, &c., can be had, in a secure envelope, by enclosing 4 stamps to Dr. CHAS. J. C. KLINE, 1st Avenue, corner 19th street, New York, Post Box No. 4586. 27-3m

ART AND SCIENCE OF MANUAL DEFENCE.
THE SUBSCRIBER WOULD MOST RESPECTFULLY INFORM HIS patrons and the public that he is now ready to give instructions in the noble art of Self-Defence, at his spacious rooms, 208 Centre street. Those wishing to form themselves into classes will do well to apply immediately, as delay may preclude the possibility of their being admitted. Terms moderate; and every possible facility given for the prosecution of this healthy and invigorating exercise.
27-3m WILLIAM HASTINGS.

FOR SALE.
THE FOLLOWING BREEDS OF GAME FOWLS, NAMELY, SERgeant, Bull-Calf, Sefton, Champions, Counterfeit, and Tartar; the two last named breeds, as to purity of blood and fighting qualities, have no equals. Price, $3 for one stag, or $5 for a stag and pullet; I will warrant them dead game. Orders must be addressed to WM. M. COOPER, West Chester, Chester Co., Pa., Box 138 Post office.
P. S.—Fowls can be sent sale by express. 11-6m

MICHAEL PHELAN'S MODEL BILLIARD TABLES
AND COMBINATION CUSHIONS, PATENTED FEBRUARY 19, 1857. These Tables combine the nicest mathematical accuracy of workmanship with elegance of design, and possess all the qualities that are esteemed by the scientific player. They have many advantages not in any other Tables manufactured, the Cushions having a nicely-adjusted bevel, and are very low, but so constructed as to prevent all hopping or jumping of the ball. They are now used in preference to all others at the principal Hotels and Public Billiard Rooms in New York, and by amateur players throughout the country.
All orders to be addressed to MICHAEL PHELAN.
Salesrooms 786 and 788 Broadway, N. Y.
Entrance in Tenth street.

JUST PUBLISHED—PRICE $1, "THE GAME OF BILLIARDS,"
Its Theory and Practice, with numerous Illustrations. By Michael Phelan, author of "*Billiards Without a Master.*" Single copies mailed free on receipt of price, by O'CONNER & COLLENDER,
39-3m 53 Ann street, N. Y.

RICH AND INTERESTING.
TO THOSE WHO WANT BOOKS THAT ARE REALITY WORTH reading, we would call their attention to the following list of new and original works. The most of these books are translated from the French of the most celebrated authors, and all of them are illustrated with beautiful COLORED ENGRAVINGS, which have only to be seen to be appreciated.
On receipt of the money these books will be sent FREE OF POSTAGE, to any part of the United States.
The Six Mistresses of Pleasure. (By Charles P DeK.) $5
The Countess; or, My Intrigues with the Bloods 25
Amelia Moreton; or, Life as a Fashionable Watering Place 25
Julia King; or, The Follies of My Life 25
The Gay Deceiver; or, Man's Perfidy and Woman's Frailty 25
Merry Wives of London; a Picture of Licentiousness of the Court 50
Anna Mowbray; or, Tales of the Harem 25
The Amours of an Irish Widow 25
Simon, the Radical; or, The Adventures of a Bonnet Rouge 25
Fanny Miller, the Lady in Flesh-colored Tights 25
The Loves of Byron and his Various Intrigues 50
La Tour De Neale; or, The Amours of Margurite of Burgundy 50
Mary Ann Temple; or, The Amorous Maiden 25
The Bridal Chamber and its Mysteries 25
The Adventures of a Libertine 25
Any Book, Print, or any article connected with the Trade, published in the United States or Europe, can be furnished by us.
A large deduction made to persons who buy by the quantity to sell again. Our Complete Catalogues will be sent FREE to those who will write for them. Address all orders to
HENRY R. G. BARKLEY, New York.
We are responsible for all registered letters containing money. 13-1m

LIFE AND BATTLES OF

TOM SPRING,

THE BUTCHER,

CHAMPION OF ENGLAND IN 1824.

From a work published in London in 1829.

PUGILISM EXTRAORDINARY.

In consequence of some trifling dispute, which occurred on Monday evening, December 20, 1819, between Ben Burns and Spring, over the gaily circling glass, about who were the best men of the day, and Burns fancying himself as good as any of them, £10 a side was deposited, for the above heroes to meet the next morning, on Wimbledon Common, at 1 o'clock. Spring and Burns were true to their word, when Eales and an amateur seconded the former, and Richmond and Scroggins the latter. Eleven rounds were fought, when the contest was decided in favor of Spring, in 18 minutes. It was 5 to 1, at the commencement of the fight, on Spring; but both men were much out of condition. It is, however, only justice to state, that Burns fought in a very manly style, although he could not change it in his favor, and was compelled, from weakness, to give in. He received some heavy body blows, and a sharp nobber or two. Spring also got a sharp hit over his eye, which suffered so severely in his battle with Painter; in other respects, he was not hurt. Not more than two hundred and fifty persons were present. The stakes and ropes, belonging to the Pugilistic Club, formed the ring.

In consequence of the friends of Painter forfeiting to Spring, a match was made between Bob Burns and our hero, for £100 a side; but owing to his bad state of health, the backers of Spring preferred forfeiting the £100, rather than risking a contest with Burns. A second match for £100 a side was, however, made; and which took place on Tuesday, 16th of May, 1820, on Epsom Downs.

The morning was truly forbidding for the Swells to leave their *downy dabs;* and the heavy torrents of rain informed the kids, upon opening their peepers, that their game would again be put to the test; but delicacy of canvas is not one of the features of the ring; and those lads who delight in witnessing a Prize Mill, value not distance —fear not weather—care not for the expenses of the tip, providing there is no nailing; and the prads are put to, and the drag is shoved forwards, with as much indifference as if the most perfect serenity of climate prevailed. However, by 10 o'clock it was "all happiness:" the rain had subsided, the glorious sun shot forth his brilliant rays of life and light, illuminating the extensive and picturesque prospect upon Epsom Downs. The long string of carriages, numerous horsemen, and pushing along toddlers, increasing the interest and animation of the scene, till the "Fancy" reached their grand climax—the Ring. This object once gained, the pleasures are tasted of taking a drain of Daffy—meeting with old Pals—with the chatting of "Who's to win?—What's the odds?—How are the men for condition?—Are there any more fights?" &c., till the time arrives for the mill to commence. The ring was delightfully situated, having a hill on one side of it, upon which hundreds could see the battle without the slightest inconvenience.

In the estimation of the amateurs, it seems, Burns had risen considerably, from a slashing set-to he had, of 21 rounds, with Larkin, a few days since; during which glove combat, they ultimately floored each other; and it was then thought, by the judges who were admitted to this private trial of skill, that Burns had the best of it. This circumstance, added to the well-known illness of Spring, induded most of the sporting men to *hedge* off their bets, and take the odds upon Burns. Indeed, in a few instances, the odds were now laid upon the latter; but 5 to 4 on the ground was thinly sported on Spring, but the takers snapt at it instantly.

Burns appeared first, and threw his hat into the ring, attended by his seconds, Larkin and Randall, and kept walking up and down for some minutes before his adversary entered the ropes. Spring, at length, showed, followed by Cribb and Shelton, when the latter observed to Spring: "Mind, Tom, that you throw your hat into the ring so that it does not blow out." It being thought *ominous*, as several pugilists have been defeated when their hats have taken flight. Spring took the hint, and his hat remained firm in the ring. Randall then tied his colors (green) to the stakes; and the blue handkerchief of Spring was immediately added to them. Upon the Commander-in-Chief's ordering the sports to commence, the two umpires and the referee, (an honorable Baronet,) wished to impress upon the minds of the seconds and bottle holders, "That the watch would be held by them only on the following consideration: That upon the men setting-to, the seconds were to retire to the corners of the ring, and if any one of them spoke to the combatants, that moment the watch would be thrown down. Much irritation had been occasioned by such conduct on both sides at previous fights. It was highly improper, unfair, and unmanly; and also in direct oppositon to the rules of Broughton, who was looked up to as the father of the prize ring." These remarks were again emphatically repeated, and throughout the fight they were strictly adhered to

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. On Burns peeling, the amateurs were told that he was a stone less in weight than when he fought Shelton; but his condition was nevertheless as fine as the combination of art and nature could exhibit. In fact, his proper pitch had been ascertained, and Burns flattered himself that he was *man* enough for anything on the fighting list. Spring did not appear on the ground till the last minute, and it was thought by many that he would forfeit a second time, owing to his not being well. However, on his stripping, though he appeared better than was expected, from the rumors which had gone forth, it was evident to the leary ones that he was not in fighting trim, and that his condition was bad. Burns, after a little sparring, endeavored to put in two hits, right and left, somewhat confidently, which Spring scientifically stopped. A pause. Spring very neatly put in a facer and got away. Burns gave two blows without effect. More sparring. Spring again gave a nobber and got away. Some little fighting now occurred, and several good hits were exchanged, from one of which (a right handed blow) Burns went off his balance and fell on his hands. [A roar of approbation; the *red rags* were chafling with ecstacy—"Burns can't win it!"] 7 to 4; and several were bold enough to offer 2 to 1.

2. This round was short but decisive; and the takers of the odds were funking. Burns thrust out his left hand, pawing, as it were; when he was returned upon by Spring, right and left. The latter, however, got a small taste over his left ogle, and a bump soon rose. In an exchange of blows, Burns again went down from a hit on the side of the head. Tumultuous applause, and "The big one can't fight," was the cry all over the ring. 2 to 1 nearly current.

3. This round quite satisfied the judges that if Spring had been well he must have won the battle in a canter. The latter hit Burns staggering all over the ring. Spring followed him, and gave the big one pepper at the ropes, till he went down. Another Babel shout, and 30 to 10 was offered.

4. The claret was plain enough now on the mug of Burns, and Spring put in a heavy claim upon his opponent's victualling office, and got away cleverly. Some sharp exchanges occurred, in which Spring received a nobber or two, and not light ones; but Burns was sent staggering and staggering, till he ultimately went down. More betters than takers.

5. Spring showed great weakness; but he also showed that he knew the advantages of science, and from science alone it appeared that he could only win, till he reduced the strength of his opponent. Burns planted a most desperate hit on the side of Spring's head; and so keenly did it operate, that it was a sort of scalping touch, as the hair instantly flew off, and the place was as bare as if the barbatic had been using his razor. Spring, however, conked his opponent, when they closed, and in a severe struggle for the throw, Spring broke away, and hit Burns down. "Bravo! Well done, Spring; it's all your own."

6. Burns had been hit, or went down, in all the preceding rounds, and in this, Spring fell upon his adversary heavily, after an exchange of several blows. It was here again asserted, "that notwithstanding the punishment Spring had administered to his opponent, it might be seen he was not a hard hitter, from the little effects visible. Perhaps this may be more of a *theoretical* than a *practical* prejudice against Spring."

7. Spring put in a sharp bodier with his left hand, and got away; but in an exchange of blows afterwards, Burns gave Spring a heavy one on his ear. In struggling for the throw, Burns appeared much distressed, but both of them fell out of the ropes.

8. This was rather a dangerous round to Spring, and he might have lost the battle from it, although it was in his favor. Some severe blows passed on both sides, when the combatants fought their way up to the ropes, and got entangled in so curious a manner, that it appeared so difficult to the spectators, that "Go down, Spring," was the cry. The struggle to get the best of the throw was severe indeed; they grappled at each other's hands, and if Shelton had not held up the rope, they were so entangled that the men must have been parted; however, they got away from this dilemma by a strong effort into the middle of the ring, when Spring hit Burns well, as he was falling, but Spring also fell upon his head. [Loud shouting for Spring.]

9. The preceding struggle had distressed Spring so much, that in setting-to, he soon put down his hands, quite exhausted. But it nevertheless turned out a severe round, and Spring jobbed his opponent so severely, that, in closing, Burns was so confused that he caught hold of Spring's *nose*. [Great disapprobation.] In going down, Burns was undermost.

10. The left eye of Burns was rather damaged, and Spring made play in good style. Burns scarcely ever went to work till he was nobbed into it, and then he made some good counter-hits. This was rather a sharp round; but in going down Spring was undermost.

11. After some exchanges, Spring's left ear showed marks of punishment. Sparring for wind, when Spring got a facer. The latter again showed very bad condition, and stood still for a short period; but Burns did not turn it to account. However, after a hit or two, Spring fell down, and his head lolled upon his arm. Some slight fears were here entertained that the strength of Burns might tire out Spring.

12 to 14. In all these rounds the fighting was on the part of Spring. Most certainly, the latter never fought so well in any of his battles as in the present. He put in several hits, and got away with great agility.

15. In this round Spring did as he pleased with his opponent; Burns' body and head were quite at his service, and it was evident that the battle must soon end. In going down, Burns was also undermost. Any odds; but it was all up. Here Burns informed his second that Spring was too strong for him.

16. In this round Burns was hit sharply, and in going down his left leg fell under him, and great fears were entertained that it was broken. "Spring for ever," and 20 to 1; indeed, it was thought he would not come again.

17. Burns endeavored to show fight, but he was again sent down at the ropes, and £10 to a crown was offered.

18, and last. Burns was soon down, and Spring proclaimed the conqueror, who walked out of the ring with apparent ease, and very few marks were seen about him.

Although, in point of truth, the above battle must be pronounced a bad fight, yet nevertheless, Spring is justly entitled to much praise, from his good style of fighting, and the skill he displayed in not going "to work" too rashly, from his bad condition. Had Spring been as well as he ought, the battle must have been over in half the time. It, however, was the general opinion of the fancy that Burns, previous to the contest, could not be disposed of in half an hour, and numerous bets were made to that effect. The Judges, too, always insisted that Spring was not a hard hitter, and did so at the conclusion of this battle; but he repeated his blows so often on the nob of his opponent, that they ultimately proved effectual. Burns, after the first round, appeared to have lost his confidence. If he had commenced fighting at the begining of the rounds, a different account might have been given of the result. In a word, he has no scientific points about him. He is what is termed a *good man;* but their is a vast difference between that character and the appelation of a *good fighter*. Gameness alone will not reach the top of the tree. Spring, in one instance, behaved bravely to his opponent, and was much applauded. He had Burns at the ropes, in a defenseless state, but he saw the battle was his own, and he lifted up his hands and walked away. If it be admitted that Spring is not a hard hitter, it cannot be denied that he possesses a superior knowledge of fighting, and is also a very difficult man to be got at.

In consequence of some unpleasant rumors in circulation, respecting the forfeiture of Spring, and also as to the cause of his illness previous to the above fight, the following letter appeared in the Weekly Dispatch, addressed to the Editor:

SIR—In consequence of its having been reported that tricks had been played with Thomas Spring, who was to have fought Robert Burns, on the 18th inst., and that a certain person, who has trained several of the fighting men, was concerned therein, several gentlemen belonging to the Fancy, assisted by some of the members of the Pugilistic Club, have, with a view of ascertaining the truth of such reports, inquired of Spring whether he had any reason to believe that the reports were true; when he, with great candor, said he did not believe they were, and that the person alluded to had not been with him, and, therefore, could not be concerned in any foul play, if any had been practised upon him. It had been also alleged that the above person had been giving something improper to Spring, in consequence of which a gentleman high in the Fancy, and a member of the Pugilistic Club, took Spring to a very eminent surgeon, who immediately stated, "that there was not any truth in such reports," and explained the nature and case of Spring's illness. The gentlemen who have made the above inquiries, being satisfied that there is not any truth in the reports that have been circulated, are anxious to have them publicly contradicted, considering them highly injurious to the pugilistic ring, and most unjust to the person before alluded to; and we are authorized to contradict them accordingly.

We are also requested to inform the public that the reports in circulation about Sampson having been "poisoned," are totally void of foundation.

We understand that these reports have been circulated by a pugilist who fought an unsuccessful battle about the middle of last month; and have been made in consequence of a quarrel between him and the person above alluded to. We are concerned to add that several of the best friends of this pugilist have withdrawn from him their future patronage, in consequence of his conduct in this business.

From your humble servants,

SEVERAL MEMBERS OF THE PUGILISTIC CLUB.

February 24, 1829.

A match was near taking place between Spring and Sutton, but it went off.

In consequence of some dispute about impropriety of conduct, between Spring and Josh Hudson, after the battle had taken place between Cooper and Shelton, at Moulsey-Hurst, on Tuesday, June 27th, 1820, a purse of £20 was immediately subscribed by the amateurs for Spring and Hudson to fight. Both of the combatants accepted the offer without the least hesitation; more especially as an amateur offered £5 to Hudson, if he would only fight *one* round with Spring. Five or six rounds, however, were sharply contested, and Joshua drawed the cork of his antagonist, but on his getting the worst of it, Hudson pocketed the £5, and Turner took him out of the ring. This was the fourth battle on that day. Spring also looked upon this £20 as a sweetener for his recent losses on Shelton. It was like a sugar-plum to Spring. The dispute in question, it seems, was owing to the latter refusing to admit Hudson into the room where Shelton had been put to bed. Hudson quitted the ring without great reluctance.

During the time that Spring was at Norwich, when Painter fought with Oliver, five guineas a side were deposited for a match between the Gas Light Man and our hero. The backers of Hickman, however, did not come forward at the appointed time, in London, to make the match good, when the five guineas were forfeited to Spring.

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN NEW YORK.

Our artist has given us a glimpse of New York on New Year's Day. To that day of all others, New Yorkers look forward with the most pleasurable emotions, for then it is that "old scores" are wiped out; animosities forgotten; friends, long estranged, meet again, and bury all recollections of the past; everybody is good humored; everybody, that is anybody, loosens his purse strings, and contributes his quota to the general enjoyment. Our "peculiar institution" of making calls is kept up with the usual animation and spirits, and all hands, girls and all, go in for a good time. In the foreground of our engraving may be observed sundry little urchins enjoying themselves in various ways, some "playing hoss," soldier, &c., and others poking fun at one of the sons of Israel—the boys are asking him for their "New Year's," but he plods his weary way, merely replying that he has "no monish." At a window, we espy a young damsel who is taking a look at the "last caller," to whom she is "not at home." At the next house a young gent sends in his card; he has not time to tarry; another is busily engaged looking over his list for the "next place;" another is making tracks at a rapid gait, fearful that he will not be able to get through in season; while the fat gentleman is receiving an account of the numerous calls his friend has already made. It's rare sport, is this "peculiar institution," and may it never pass away. A happy New Year to our many readers, far and wide, is the sincere wish of the CLIPPER.

HIS REASONS FOR GETTING DRUNK.

A TALL, raw-boned man, answering to the name of Hezekiah Hopeful, was complained of in the Police Court, this forenoon, for being drunk yesterday afternoon. Hez, when placed in the dock, rubbed his eyes and looked around the court-room, with the utmost astonishment. He was a green appearing genius, but there was an expression about his eyes, sleepy as he looked, that convinced spectator that he had his eye-teeth cut, and that the man who took him for a fool would find out his mistake if a trade was attempted. Hez was dressed in good substantial homespun, wore his sandy-colored hair long, and his face badly tanned by exposure, was as freckled with spots as a Bengal tiger.

"Is this 'ere a meetin' house?" asked Hez, looking around the room until his gaze fell upon Judge Rogers, who sat in dignified state, with a white handkerchief around his neck, with ministeral bow.

"Silence in the Court!" roared the officers, making a rush toward the victim, who received them with the utmost coolness.

"Oh, I 'spect you fellers is the deacons of this 'ere meetin'," Hez said, looking at the officers' violent gestures with some astonishment; "Don't be afeered, old fellers, I'm one of you, and goes to meetin' riglar to hum, way up in old Varmount. I shan't say nuthing but's exactly in 'cordance with the rigilar doctrine. I don't go in for dissenters, by a darned sight."

"Keep the defendant quiet," remarked the Court in a severe tone.

"All right, yer riverence. We kintry folks knows how to 'have in meetin'."

"Will you be still?" asked the officers.

"Quiet, sartingly I'll be quiet. I never speaks out in meetin' at hum, and I reckon I knows what belongs to good manners 'ere in Bosting."

"Another word and you'll have to pay a fine for contempt of court," whispered the officer.

"Oh, goin' to pass around the contribution box, hey? Well, bring it on, old fellow. I've got a puter sixpence I can spare just as well as not, and I don't want eny thanks for my generosity either."

The Court looked astonished, and took a pinch of snuff, rather puzzled what to do with a man who would persist in calling a court-room a meeting-house.

"I reckon yer riverence's society has to shell out putty konsiderable to hire such an ugly looking set of fellers as is up there in the choir. Ef we should see them 'ere fellers wandering 'bout the streets of Muckville, we'd keep a sharp look-out for turkies in the night time, I tell ye. They are an awful ugly looking set, and appears to me don't reflect much credit on the meeting. Ye haint got no wimmin folks as singers either. How is that?"

Hez, who had been looking intently at the loafers in the gallery, was gratified by seeing a number of heads drawn out of sight, as though their modesty was too great to allow the Court to get a sight of their familiar faces.

"Let the defendant distinctly understand that this is a court-room and not a meeting house," said the Court.

After some trouble, the officers convinced Hez of his mistake, and explained that he was up for being drunk. He readily acknowledged the corn, and told how it happened.

"Ye see, yer riverence, I'm from Varmount, and this is my fust trip to Bosting. I only got here yesterday mornin', and I hadn't got fifty rods from the depoo afore I seed a lot of bottles in a winder, and one of 'um was labelled brandy. Now I'd heard tell about the Maine law, and I kalculated that it was still in force in Bosting, and I felt that ef I could get a horn on the sly I'd better do it. It's mighty hard getting the stuff in Varmount, you'd better believe, and I hadn't had a nip for three months. In I went, and axed a feller for the real stuff, and he passed me a bottle, and thinking that it was the last to be had in the city, I took a mighty horn, and left, feeling pretty good.

"I hadn't gone ten steps, yer riverence, when I seed more bottles, and thinking that my last chance had really cum, in I went and had another snifter, and it was a snorter I tell you. I don't recollect anything more, but I have an impression that rum is as plenty in Bosting as iver, and that the Maine law aint of much 'count, any how. I've had my fill, and now I'm ridy to go hum and let my neighbors get a smell of good licker."

He concluded, and for a minute there was a universal silence. At length the Court ordered the usual fine, and the countryman left the dock grumbling at the severity of ministers when they get into court-rooms.

A GRIZZLY MUSS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *State Journal*, writing from Spring Valley, Marin County, on 12th November, gives an account of a regular muss which, the writer asserts, took place between himself, a friend, their dogs, and a grizzly bear. The story as told has something of the terribly droll in it. It appears that at sunrise on the morning of the 12th instant, our hero's son gave him notice that a large bear was in the immediate vicinity of the house, when, with a friend, he sallied out to give him battle. They had with them two double-barrelled shot guns, and after a chase of a mile, they came up with their enemy and discharged the contents of three of the barrels at his head, which caused him to come down from the ridge and take the open ground, after which a regular battle took place, as there was no opportunity to escape. Making a dash at one of the party, his bearship threw him down and was about to give him a further demonstration of a kindly feeling, when two dogs belonging to the party bounced in and held him in check. He then started for the hill, and at its top was again arrested by the dogs. At this time the two humans were there also. The bear then rushed in and seized upon one of them, when the other pressed forward to his aid, and the whole group, dogs included, were entangled and mixed up together in one general muss, and rolled down to the bottom of the hill. The trip separated them, when one of the men thought of one barrel not being discharged. After making for and procuring the weapon, he returned to the scene of action, and the grizzly made directly at him. Raising the gun, he took what he supposed to be his last aim and fired. The load must have entered directly into the brain of bruin, for he dropped dead on the instant.

HOW WE AMERICANS LOOK.

A SCOTCH writer on this country gives his ideas of our personal appearance as follows: "Some say the Americans have no physiognomy: a great mistake, I think. To me their physiognomy seems most strongly marked, bearing deep impress of that intensity which is the essence of their being. The features even of the young are furrowed with lines of anxious thought and determined will. You read upon the nations brow the enterprise and the intensity of its desires. Every American looks as if his eye was glaring into the far West, and the far future. Nay, his mental physiognomy is determined by the same earnestness of purpose. The American never plays; not even the American child. He cares nothing for those games and sports which are the delight of the Englishman. He is indifferent to the play either of mind or muscle. Labor is his element, and his only relaxation from hard work is fierce excitement. Neither does he laugh. The Americans, I imagine, are the most serious people in the world. There is no play even in their fancy: French wit is the sparkle of the diamond that dazzles a *salon;* the American immagination flashes its sheet lightning over half the world.

"The same terrible earnestness is, I am persuaded, at the bottom of that ill health which is so serious a curse to American life. No doubt other things contribute—climate, stimulants, sedentary occupations, &c.—but the deepest rooted cause of American disease is that over-working of the brain and over excitement of the nervous system, which are the necessary consequences of their intense activity. Hence, nervous dyspepsia, with consumption, insanity, and all its brood of fell disorders in its train. In a word, the American works himself to death."

FIDELITY OF A DOG.

SOME time since, as Mr. J. Quick was on his return from Bideford, he was attacked near the three-mile-stone from Bideford, by a stout powerful man, who came out of a querry by the road-side, and accosted him with an inquiry if he were going to Barnstaple. On being answered in the affirmative, he replied that he was also going there, and proposed walking in company. Soon after, he offered to carry a little bundle which Mr. Quick had in his hand, which offer being declined, he without further hesitation, knocked him down with a large bludgeon, and, falling on him, caught him by the throat with one hand, whilst with the other he took a knife or some instrument from his pocket; on which Mr. Quick called his dog to his aid, which instantly seized the villian by the throat, and dragged him from his master, who hastened on to the half-way house, calling his dog after him; there he stayed some considerable time, and unsuccessfully endeavored to get a person to accompany him; at length he pursued his journey, as he came to the four-mile-stone, the ruffian, who had crossed the fields, and was evidently waiting his approach, again assaulted him, saying, "I heard silver rattling in your pocket, and I'll have it or your life; and I'll be d—d if I don't have both." On which Mr. Quick again called to his dog, when the fellow swore that he feared not him or his dog either, and instantly threw his stick at the animal, which, darting at him, brought him down, and held him securely, while Mr. Quick again made his escape, leaving the dog upon him, who overtook his master about a mile from the town. Mr. Quick attributes the preservation of his life to the power and sngacity of his trusty companion.

BRUIN TO BE DREADED TO THE LAST.—Captain Jager, an old hunter of Sierra, some three months ago, met in the woods a she bear and two cubs. The young one, says the Marysville *Herald*, set up a cry, and the old one made at the hunter. The Captain shot the beast directly through the heart, but before life was extinct she threw him down and bit him through the thigh. Trying to loose her hold he put his hand in the bear's mouth, and had it badly crushed—the bear in the meantime fell dead. One half minute more of life and Jager's body would have been food for the wolves, where no human being would be likely to look for the missing hunter.